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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE BLACKBIRD.

UPON the cherry-bough the blackbird sings

His careless, happy song,
As 'mid the rubied fruit he tilting swings,
Heedless of right or wrong.

No future taunts him with its fears or hopes,
No cares his present fret;

The past for him no dismal vista opes
Of useless, dark regret.

Ah! how I envy him, as there he sings
His glad unthinking strain,
Untroubled by the sad imaginings
That haunt man's plotting brain!

All orchards are his home; no work or care
Compels him here to stay;
His is the world—the breathing, open air—
The glorious summer day.

Below, earth blossoms for him; and above
Heaven smiles in boundless blue;
Joy is in all things, and the song of love
Thrills his whole being through.

From bough to bough its gay and transient
guest
Is free to come and go
Where'er the whim invites, where'er the best
Of juicy blackhearts grow.

His are these sunny sides, that through and
through
He stabs with his black bill;
And his the happiness man never knew,
That comes without our will.

Ah! we who boast we are the crown of things,
Like him are never glad;
By doubts and dreams and dark self-question-
ings
We stand besieged and sad.

What know we of that rare felicity
The unconscious blackbird knows,
That no misgiving spoils; that frank and free
From merely living grows?

Haggard Repentance ever dogs our path;
The foul fiend Discontent
Harries the spirit, and the joys it hath
Are but a moment lent.

The riddle of our life we cannot guess;
From toil to toil we haste,
And in our sweetest joy some bitterness
Of secret pain we taste.

Ah! for an hour at least, when bold and free
In being's pure delight,
Loosed from the cares that clog humanity,
The soul might wing its flight.

Then, blackbird, we might sing the perfect
song
Of life and love with thee,
Where no regret nor toil, nor fear of wrong,
Nor doubt of right should be.

Blackwood's Magazine.

W. W. S.

BALLADE OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Ye giant shades of Ra and Tum,
Ye ghosts of gods Egyptian,
If murmurs of our planet come
To exiles in the precincts wan
Where, fetish or Olympian,
To help or harm no more ye list,
Look down, if look ye may, and scan
This monument in London mist!

Behold, the hieroglyphs are dumb
That once were read of him that ran
When seistrion, cymbal, trumpet, and drum
Wild music of the Bull began;
When through the chanting priestly clan
Walk'd Ramses, and the high sun kiss'd
This stone, with blessing scored and ban—
This monument in London mist.

The stone endures though gods be dumb;
Though humankind effort, plot, and plan
Be sifted, drifted, like the sum
Of sands in wastes Arabian.
What king may deem him more than man,
What priest says Faith can Time resist
While *this* endures to mark their span—
This monument in London mist?

ENVOY.

Prince, the stone's shade on your divan
Falls; it is longer than ye wist:
It preaches, as Time's gnomon can,
This monument in London mist!

Ballades in Blue China.

UBI MISER, IBI CHRISTUS.

It was the eve of Easter Day,
Her heart within was sad;
They have taken away my Lord, she said,
And how should I be glad?

I see the thorns, the cross, the grave,
The dead hands wounded sore;
But the risen form of the Crucified
Is lost forevermore.

Why say you so, the answer came,
When you this very day
Have seen the Christ for whom you mourn,
And wiped his tears away?

He suffers with his people still:
Who binds the broken limb,
Or fills the aching heart with hope,
Has done it unto him.

A sign, she cried, that this is so.
Thou hast it in thy breast:
The token is the peace of Christ,—
Know this, and be at rest.

Spectator.

M. W. M.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE DECCAN.

HAVING long believed implicitly in the boundless wealth of India, the British public is now in some danger of being led away into the opposite extreme of supposing that one century of British rule has completely drained India of any wealth which she may once have possessed, and that the only prospect before her is chronic famine and ultimate bankruptcy. The economists, who have recently taken upon themselves to open English eyes to the real poverty of the "gorgeous East," have somewhat overshoot their mark, for the statistics adduced by them to prove that India's poverty is due to over-taxation would rather, if perfectly trustworthy, make it clear that no possible reduction of public expenditure can materially improve the miserable condition of the masses in India. Meanwhile we are assured by others that the Russians, still believing in the wealth of India, are guided in their Asiatic policy solely by the hope that, after forcing their way across the vast deserts and mountain ranges of central Asia, they will be able to descend at last upon the fertile and defenceless plains of Hindostan, and repeat the plundering achievements of Timur Beg and Nadir Shah. When the czar Alexander II. characterized as simply "absurd" the idea of any such invasion, he may fairly be credited with being better informed upon this subject than many of our own countrymen, and with a knowledge of the altered condition of affairs since India was last invaded overland. India is now a great centralized military empire, the only one in Asia, a standing menace to all her Asiatic neighbors, weak indeed financially when judged by a western standard, but, if backed by the credit of England, more than a match for all the Russias. The increased military strength of India under British rule is certain, but, while she is now better able than formerly to hold her own, is it true that she really has less to hold? It may be assumed as beyond dispute that the great bulk of the Indian population is poor (if compared with any European population, even the Russian), that capital is scarce,

that many of the cultivators are hopelessly in debt, that the public revenue fails to keep pace with an increasing expenditure, and that it is difficult, if not impossible, to invent new productive taxes. All this indicates national poverty; but whether the poverty has been caused or even seriously increased by the extravagance and mal-administration of the British government, is a question which impartial persons in general are disposed to regard as still open for discussion. Doubtless ours is a very expensive government, and India, having no control over her own finances, is frequently saddled with expenses which she ought not in justice to bear, while large sums are annually remitted to England, under various heads, for which sums India receives no direct equivalent, and in all remittances to England India suffers a heavy additional loss through exchange. But it is maintained, on the other hand, that this drain upon India is more than compensated by the facilities afforded to the creation of wealth and capital through the establishment of internal peace, of security to life and property, and of great public works facilitating locomotion and irrigation. What is the true state of the case as between the two opposite views — (1) that India is being steadily drained of her life-blood by the fiscal demands of a costly foreign government; (2) that she is decidedly a gainer in material wealth through the investment of British capital in her soil and the importation of European skilled labor? The first view is held by most of the educated natives who have written or spoken on this question, while the second finds favor with Englishmen both at home and in India.

For my own part, I believe that India has already derived great benefit, and will derive still more in the future, from the railroads constructed with British capital, although under the guarantee system there has been a want of due ceremony both in construction and in management. Railways and internal peace are two genuine boons conferred by England upon India, as all thoughtful natives readily admit; but even these unquestionable benefits of our rule fail to touch the true

causes of Indian poverty, which may even be too deep-seated to be greatly affected by such reductions in the public expenditure as can ever be effected by our most economical administrators. The Indian peasant is already so poor that the slightest additional taxation is to him an intolerable burden, and so great is his tendency to become poor, that even the remission of existing taxes would ameliorate his condition only for a very brief period. An increased salt duty and an agricultural cess aggravate his poverty, but they are not its cause, and he would be nearly as poor the day after their abolition, and, perhaps, quite as poor a few years later. He sinks habitually to a very low standard of comfort, in fact to a state of penury, which just enables him and those dependent upon him to subsist in ordinary years; in favorable years he has a transient gleam of prosperity; but when a bad year comes he has accumulated no reserve to fall back upon, and famine is the result.

The fact is that India is greatly over-peopled, and that vast numbers of her inhabitants are over head and ears in debt, many having pledged to their creditors the fruits of their labor for the term of their natural lives. In rich and prosperous countries, such as France or Switzerland, the owners and cultivators of the soil are also capitalists, through the combined results of industry, frugality, and prudence; they produce far more than they consume, and the rising generation does not dream of marriage unless the future has been rendered fairly secure by accumulated savings. Taxation must indeed be heavy before it can seriously depress the prosperity of a people so acting; and if our just and vigorous rule in India tended to produce such a state of society among the agricultural population, the heavy cost of that rule might yet be borne by the natives with ease and cheerfulness. Unfortunately the actual state of matters is very different, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the gulf which exists between the condition of a Limagne peasant proprietor and that of a Deccan ryot. France stands erect beneath a burden of taxation amounting to £112,000,000

distributed over a population of thirty-seven millions, while British India, with one hundred and ninety million inhabitants, staggers under an amount of taxation hardly exceeding £20,000,000, when land revenue, opium, and tribute from native states have been (as they ought to be) deducted from the gross total. In other words, France, with less than one-fifth of the population, pays in taxes more than five times as much as British India, and grows richer every day, thanks mainly to her industrious, frugal, prudent peasantry. The area of France is two hundred four thousand and ninety-six square miles, that of British India is eight hundred ninety-seven thousand and four square miles, so that the former country is somewhat more densely peopled than the latter, but is nevertheless, thanks to her great resources, by no means overcrowded with inhabitants.

The main cause of Indian poverty is over population, an evil which British rule has aggravated by measures which must be characterized as just and humane, at least in intention. We have suppressed female infanticide, we protect the ryots against violence, and we endeavor to insure them against famine, the result of late years being an increase in their numbers which (in Bengal especially) is almost appalling.

The French peasant usually postpones marriage until he has saved or inherited money enough to set up house; the Hindoo begins married life by plunging into debt, and considers himself fairly entitled to incur debt for so laudable an object. This distinction of custom and opinion is a vital one, and has more to do with the difference in their respective conditions than soil, climate, and government.

The Hindoo is industrious and frugal in the highest degree, but he is not prudent, and is willing to bequeath to his son no better portion than that of paying marriage debts incurred before his birth.

All Indian natives desire to have male offspring, and none are willing to leave their daughters unmarried; thus one generation crowds upon the heels of another, and the industry of the future is mortgaged for the necessities of the present.

The necessary funds are borrowed at ruinous rates of interest, and are expended, not upon the necessary furnishings for a new household, but upon wedding festivities and caste observances.

Throughout India one hears always the same story. Not merely cultivators, but also servants, soldiers, and government *employés* are more or less indebted, usually from improvident marriages. A *ghorawallah* (stable-boy) in the receipt of seven rupees a month, and laboring to pay off, along with extortionate interest, his father's marriage debts, presents a sufficiently hopeless spectacle, and is compelled in his turn to leave his own liabilities as a burden for his descendants. A servant will ask his European master to advance him one hundred rupees, equivalent, perhaps, to one year's wages. "For what purpose do you want so much money?" "For my daughter's marriage, Saheb." "But how do you propose to repay me?" "I will work for you without wages until the money is paid." "That is all very well, but how are you to live in the mean while?" "My son is able to support me, Saheb." Thus father and son are reduced to a starvation allowance in order that the daughter may marry, without any dower except a few trifling silver ornaments.

In the "good old times," before the British raj, this family difficulty was solved after another fashion, but now that the daughters are there, alive and grown up, it is imperative for the honor of the family, however poor, that they should be married, and it must be admitted that their male relatives exhibit no little generosity and unselfishness on the occasion.

We may justly congratulate ourselves on having put down so inhuman a practice as female infanticide, but it is an embarrassing position when an English magistrate is confronted by an aggrieved Rájput father, who presents before him a tall girl of sixteen with such words as these.

"Here she is; I have kept her alive to please you! I have no money for her marriage expenses, and, if you do not assist me, she must remain unmarried to bring dishonor upon her family."

The poverty and indebtedness of the *ryot* (peasant) are certainly chronic, but some acute symptoms of the evil have been developed recently by our system of government. As regards taxation our system is oppressive, because, being perpetually in want of money, we are obliged to invent new methods of obtaining it from the people, and any new demand, however small, involves oppression in the case of those who are already miserably poor. It may be said that if the Indian cultivator has only sevenpence a week to live upon, and has to pay out of this one penny weekly of taxation, no amount of economy on the part of government can well give him more than an additional halfpenny per week, and that this cannot make to him the difference between poverty and wealth. This would be only too true if the question were one of remitting taxation, but unhappily the case is worse, and rather seems to stand thus: the *ryot* has sixpence a week to live upon, after paying the customary dues of the government, and in ordinary seasons this is just about sufficient to maintain him, but, when extra funds are required for rectifications of frontier, the salt duty is raised, or an agricultural cess is levied; there is absolutely no surplus from sixpence a week out of which these new taxes can be paid, and the result is an amount of suffering altogether disproportionate to the value of the sum collected. If it be true that the natives of India pay cheerfully any taxation to which they are accustomed, but display an "ignorant impatience" of new fiscal burdens, this is not to be explained merely by the fact of their strong conservative instincts. The truth appears to be that the Indian masses have always gravitated to a state of poverty as deep as the permanent conditions of their life would permit, and have been only too contented to remain in that state. A sudden increase of taxation, like a failure of rainfall, must therefore produce widespread misery, and an aggressive foreign policy is criminal on the part of the Indian government, whose income in time of peace is insufficient to meet its expenditure. Even the proposal of the Indian government to create a

special famine insurance fund by means of additional taxation is thus open to many serious objections. In order to raise the extra sum of one million and a half sterling annually, we have been obliged to invent new taxes, and to increase in Bombay and Madras the impost upon salt. The effect of such a proceeding must be to impoverish the people generally, while it develops a dangerous tendency on the part of the famine-stricken to put their trust for the future in government aid, and to relax even the small amount of foresight and prudence which they have hitherto displayed.

Another danger has already been made manifest, viz., that the money when raised will not be honestly appropriated to the purpose for which it was originally intended, and will not be applied either directly to famine relief or to the reduction of debt incurred on account of famines. Indian governments never find themselves in possession of a true surplus, but they sometimes succeed in persuading others, perhaps even themselves, that a surplus exists, and already the famine insurance fund has been made to figure in that capacity.

Any attempt to make out that this sum is available for general purposes, for frontier wars, or even for so-called reproductive works, would be an act of gross dishonesty on the part of the Indian government, injurious to the native taxpayer, and unfair to the British nation. The people of England do not wish to impose upon India burdens which she is unable to bear, and at the present moment they are willing to be just, and even generous, as regards the expenses of the war in Afghanistan, but their generous impulses will undoubtedly be checked if they are told what is simply untrue, that there is (or ever has been) any genuine surplus of revenue over expenditure in India. But, after all, the Indian treasury has practically declared its own insolvency by accepting £2,000,000 from the Imperial treasury as a loan without interest. This arrangement ought to open the eyes of the British people to the true state of the case, for it is the first step towards placing upon their broad shoulders the whole burden of the Indian debt.

Impoverishment of the soil and of its cultivators is the most serious evil to be apprehended in India, which is essentially an agricultural country, and contains very few large cities.* The vast majority of

the population is rural, living in villages, and cultivating the soil, so that the prosperity or poverty of the people means in India the favorable or unfavorable condition of the villagers. In different parts of the country this condition varies according to race, climate, and soil, the tenure of land, the pressure of population, and many other causes; but it varies within comparatively narrow limits, and there is a strong family resemblance between the cultivating classes throughout all India. It so happens that a considerable amount of information has been recently collected about the peasantry of the Bombay Deccan, who differ in many matters of detail from those of Hindostan proper on the north, as well as from the Dravidian population of the extreme south, but who furnish a very fair type of the Indian cultivator in his strong and in his weak points. Special attention has been directed to the condition of these districts, not only on account of the famine by which they were desolated in 1877, but also because of some agrarian disturbances which took place a couple of years earlier, when the villagers rose against the money-lenders. Although few acts of violence were committed beyond the destruction of bonds and account-books, an outbreak on the part of this much-enduring class is so unusual that it was deemed expedient to institute a special inquiry, and the Deccan Riots Commission has accordingly reported after accumulating much useful information. The Famine Commissioners have since visited the same districts, and, although they have not yet reported, a good deal of official literature relating to the famine in Bombay has been lately published in the form of government minutes and otherwise. We have thus before us materials enabling us to estimate the present condition and future prospects of these important districts.

The Mahratta *kunbi* (cultivator) is industrious, vigorous, and frugal; he endures privations with remarkable hardihood, contrasting favorably in this respect with his feebler Dravidian neighbors in the south. The country which he inhabits and cultivates is not generally fertile, and is liable to deficiencies of rainfall which are both frequent and severe. The land is held on the *ryotwara* system, each peasant separately holding from the landlord, to whom he pays his rent, whether

containing each fifty thousand inhabitants and upwards, altogether less than one thirtieth part of the total population.

* In British India there are only forty-four towns

that landlord be the State or a private individual. The holder of land directly under government cultivates it himself as a general rule, and the land-tax which he pays is a rent-charge fixed for thirty years after a careful survey and assessment. That this land-tax does not absorb the whole of the true rent is clear from various facts. About twenty-five per cent. of the government land is sublet by the holders, who pay the revenue assessment, and usually provide one-half of the seed. A very large extent of country held in *jāghir* (private freehold) has been brought under the survey settlement at rates of assessment far higher than those in adjacent government lands, and only upon such terms would the *jāghirdars* consent to the government system of assessment, which their ryots were eager to adopt.

But the most conclusive fact is that land subject to revenue assessment possesses a high salable value, and is daily sold or pledged as security for large sums to the money-lenders, who are well qualified to estimate correctly the value of any security. In the Deccan the rates actually payable may be said to vary from one anna (a penny and a half) per acre on poor arable land to three rupees (six shillings) on good land near cities. The various areas are carefully defined by survey, and all private improvements are secured to the maker in full enjoyment.

Thus the British government, by the revenue survey and settlement, has established a transferable and heritable tenant right at moderate rents fixed for thirty years, and with liability to eviction for non-payment of rent only. With this form of Ulster tenant right, under an all-powerful but just landlord, whose practice it is to grant remissions and allow outstanding balances in specially bad years, the position of the government ryot is as favorable as that of any cultivator can be who does not occupy a freehold of his own; and whatever may be the hardships of his lot, only a small portion of these are attributable to the rent payable upon his land. If the land revenue were to be sacrificed to-morrow throughout India, as it has been already sacrificed in Bengal, a landlord class would doubtless be created and enriched, but the actual cultivators of the soil would not reap a large share of advantage.

After all, it is admitted on every side that the root of evil in the condition of the Indian cultivator is his indebtedness. Among the improvident Mahratta kunbis one-third are embarrassed with debt, and

of this debt, as estimated by the Deccan Riots Commission, one-third is on mortgage of land and two-thirds on personal security. Sir R. Temple tells us that "the nominal debt has not nearly so much economic significance as might at first sight appear, because a portion only of it represents money actually borrowed, the remainder being made up by charges of compound interest and by renewal of bonds, under a system which is faulty indeed, but which can be remedied by legislation."* Here is, indeed, a humiliating confession from the mouthpiece of a government possessing almost unlimited powers of legislation, and intrusted with the welfare of this helpless agricultural population.

Another member of the Bombay government, the Hon. L. R. Ashburner, C.S.I., speaking of the indebted Mahratta ryots, says, "This class is, no doubt, in a very depressed condition, for the law places them entirely at the mercy of a very merciless race of foreigners from Márwár, who are little influenced by local public opinion. Their impoverished state is due in great measure to the operation of our laws, and it must be admitted to be very discreditable to our administration; but measures are now in progress to relieve and protect them, so far as it is possible by legislation to protect an ignorant and improvident man from the consequences of his own improvidence. This reproach will soon be removed."†

The Márwári money-lender from northern India occupied under the Mahrattas a social position somewhat similar to that of the Jews in Roumania and other Eastern countries. He was not popular, but he was necessary; his rate of interest was extortionately high, but then capital was scarce, the prospect of repayment was precarious, and even security of person for a too grasping creditor was by no means complete. Under British law this state of matters has been altered, and the "village Shylock" can now demand his pound of flesh in safety, and with perfect confidence that "the law allows it, and the court awards it."

A tremendous lever has been placed by our civil courts in the hands of the money-lender, and he has used it to oust from his holding the cultivator, the right

* Minute by the governor of Bombay, dated 29th October, 1878, p. 7, par. xxxii.

† The disturbed condition of the Deccan, like that of Ireland, has necessitated special legislation on behalf of the cultivator, but it remains to be seen whether Mr. Hope's Act, recently passed, will afford any permanent and substantial relief to the ryot.

of occupancy having become, under our fixed and moderate assessment, a real and valuable property. The Márwári, or Baniá, is still essential to the cultivator, whom he supplies with capital, and without him a large proportion of the land could not be cultivated at all; but our judicial system has given him unfair advantages over his client, and has exercised a depressing influence upon agriculture.

Among Anglo-Indians many of the ryots' best friends attribute to this cause a large share of his troubles, and maintain that he is better off in a well-regulated native state than he can be within our territory, because *there* he is less liable to be vexed with new modes of fiscal extortion, and because he is beyond the jurisdiction of the civil courts.

Mr. H. M. Birdwood, of the Civil Service, who is deservedly popular with the natives throughout western India, thus describes their condition:—

"It is true, in too many cases, that the Indian peasant is born in debt; but he generally adds to the debt himself so long as he has any property, which a creditor can accept as security or a court sell in execution of its decree. In a good season he may have some money in hand after selling his crop and paying the first instalment of the revenue; but he does not keep it for the remaining instalments and other necessary expenses of the year. He squanders it senselessly, much of it (in some districts) in the liquor-shop, and he is soon as badly off as in bad seasons, when he borrows to pay every instalment. When he is once in the *sáukár's* (village banker's) books his case is hopeless. He signs bond after bond, often not knowing what he is signing. When sued he makes no defence, or else, perhaps, a false one; or in some cases it may be that he has received no proper notice of the suit. A decree is made against him, and to satisfy it his property is sold by the court. But the satisfaction is seldom sufficient and final, for, as a rule, property is sold for much less than the amount of the decree and much below its apparent value. Field by field the peasant's land passes into the *sáukár's* possession, and at last the peasant himself becomes the *sáukár's* slave, though sometimes he may prefer imprisonment in the civil jail. If the *sáukár* has refused from the first to advance money for the government assessment, then the *ráiyat's* property is sold by the collector. Whether his ruin is accomplished through the agency of the civil courts or by the direct action of the

revenue authorities, it is equally complete."

This is a terse and clear account of what takes place every day in India, and it is here stated by a judicial officer practically familiar with the subject in all its bearings that the case of an indebted cultivator is "hopeless." Now even in Bombay, where the annual production per head of the population is double the average for the rest of India, the lowest trustworthy estimates give one-third of the agricultural population as being in this hopeless condition.

The evil is deeply rooted in the customs and traditions of an intensely conservative people; but if we cannot convert the Indian cultivator to habits of forethought and saving, we can at least modify the mischief wrought by our own legislation. Mr. Birdwood has made various suggestions upon this subject. In particular he urges the expediency of restricting the number of licensed liquor-shops, which have been unduly multiplied in certain districts (notably in and around Surat), to the advantage of the revenue and to the injury of the people. It is, of course, desirable thus to diminish the chances of the ryot getting into debt, but practical reforms are also proposed in the procedure of the courts, to which he is amenable as a debtor, *e.g.*, registration of bonds and attestation of signatures to accounts by a public notary; also regular inspection of the work of the subordinate civil courts by the European district judges and their assistants. The proportion of civil suits decided *ex parte* is so great as to render it probable that in many cases due service of the summons is not made on the defendant, while adjournments are often granted on frivolous grounds, causing needless expense and trouble to the poorer suitors and their witnesses. Careful inspection by competent persons might do much to prevent these and other evils, whereby our civil courts are rendered an engine of oppression to the cultivator, while they enable the money-lender to combine Oriental rates of usury with European certainty of recovering his principal. It has even been recommended by a high authority that the power of alienating land should be limited in the interest of the small landholders. At present the ryot's wearing apparel, his implements of husbandry, and cattle used in agriculture, are not liable to attachment and sale, but all his land and interest in land may be attached and sold in satisfaction of his debts.

To place restrictions on the free transfer of land would be, I think, a very serious error, but legislative reform is still necessary in order to secure to a judgment debtor a fair price for his land when it is sold in execution of a decree. By the new code of civil procedure (1877) it is provided that the proclamation of a court sale shall specify, as accurately as possible, the property to be sold and any encumbrance to which it is liable; also that no decree-holder shall, without express permission of the court, bid for or purchase the property. A certificate is received by the purchaser at a court sale, and Mr. Birdwood considers that the description of the property in that certificate should state what the right, title, and interest purchased have been found to amount to, and that it should be held good against all persons subsequently claiming under unknown liens created by the late owner. Under the old law no provision whatever existed for ascertaining the title which was sold; the purchaser generally bought an unknown thing, and might even incur serious liabilities, being liable for a mortgage of which he had no notice, and under these circumstances it was only natural that there should not be much competition at a court sale. It is also desirable at once to abolish (in accordance with the proposal of the Deccan Riots Commission) the creditor's power to imprison for debt.

The working of the civil courts under the old system has, indeed, provoked a strong feeling of antagonism between *saukars* and *ryots*, but these classes are not necessarily hostile to each other. When the Famine Commissioners recently visited Ahmednagar, the scene of bitter disputes and even of rioting a few months ago, the opportunity was taken by Mr. W— of the civil service to bring together representatives of the two classes, in order to attempt a reconciliation between them. The bankers agreed to forego half the amount of their claims against the cultivators provided the other half should be paid; and in this condition the cultivators gladly acquiesced. Thus the long-pending disputes at Ahmednagar have been satisfactorily settled without litigation, and an excellent precedent established for the revival of *lavad* (arbitration) courts and the ancient *panchayat* system, which Mr. W— advocates as being calculated to give cheap and rapid justice to the natives, and to relieve them from the heavy burden of stamp duties and judicial fees. In

legislating upon the agrarian difficulties, which have been complicated, but not originated, by the famine in the Deccan, it would be well if the Bombay authorities would condescend to take a hint from the civil procedure in the adjoining territory of the Nizam, where the childlike ignorance and helplessness of the *ryots* are fully recognized, and equitable considerations are allowed to prevail against the strict interpretation of the creditor's bond. Certainly no community ever stood in greater need of paternal government and legislation than the "ill-used race of men who till the soil" of India.

Sir Richard Temple has stated that he expects to recover all the famine arrears of land revenue except some three lakhs of rupees, thus making the ultimate loss of revenue amount to two per cent. only in the nine Bombay districts affected. This would be satisfactory, if we could feel certain that it does not involve indebtedness and permanent depression of the so-called "well-to-do" *ryots*, with increased thriftlessness and dependence on charity of those who are "not well-to-do."*

It is matter for regret that the commission appointed to examine into the causes producing the recurrence of famines in India should have been composed almost entirely of distinguished European gentlemen, and should have included among its members only two natives, both being officials of native States. It is not by sitting at Simla, or even at Ootacamund, receiving official reports and examining official witnesses, that any new evidence of value can be collected. The evidence of persons high in office has been abundantly supplied to Parliamentary committees and to royal commissions, while the opinions and ideas of "laymen," whether European or native, have been systematically ignored by the government.

The information necessary can only be collected in each case upon the spot from the mouths of local witnesses, and in such an inquiry the assistance of native commissioners, familiar with the inner life, with the habits, thoughts, and prejudices of their own countrymen, would have been invaluable. As it is, the reliance of the natives appears to be chiefly upon Mr. Caird, the only commissioner unconnected with the Indian government, for past experience has taught them that the report

* Subsequent events have not confirmed Sir Richard's sanguine expectations.

of an official commission is apt to degenerate into a mere eulogium on the conduct of every one in authority. India will have to pay very dearly for these famine commissioners. Most of them are gentlemen holding high appointments and receiving large salaries. During their absence on special duty, highly paid substitutes must discharge their ordinary functions, and many persons are inclined to be sceptical as to whether India will get her money's worth in fresh information, or independent criticism.

The cardinal error of Sir Richard Temple's famine policy appears to have been changeableness and a tendency to rush into extremes; but in this respect, as in others, he may be said merely to have followed the lead of the supreme government. He issued instructions that the arrears of land revenue were not to be collected in the famine districts, but were all to stand over for another year, although many individuals were at the time able and willing to pay their dues. This order was, however, soon followed by another, directing that "outstandings" were to be collected at once, and that no remissions were to be granted without the special sanction of government in each case, the effect being to oppress many unlucky cultivators who had just managed to struggle through the famine with twofold demands before they had reaped one good crop, and while drought, blight, and rats were still threatening their fields. It will take some time to pauperize the Hindoo in a strict sense, for, however *poor* he may be, he has not hitherto been a *pauper*, looking to the government to support him in bad times; he has only been accustomed to receive help from more prosperous relatives or from charitable and wealthy neighbors; failing these resources he has silently starved to death, and has whitened the wayside with his bones. The full horrors of former famines, such as men now living may recollect, have been averted in recent times in British territory, and Sir R. Temple can perhaps say with truth that in his presidency "no evidence is perceptible of any considerable mortality from starvation." But this result has been attained at a heavy cost. Many improvident and idle persons have been maintained at public charges in return for nominal labor at useless jobs, while the so-called "backbone of the community," the industrious cultivator who has contrived to "keep himself off the parish," is compelled to pay every pice of his old taxes and to bear new burdens

imposed upon him as a poor-rate for the future. Nay, more, the proceeds of this new poor-rate, or famine insurance, are no sooner collected than they are diverted to pay for a war, foreign alike to the territory and to the interests of India.

In Sir R. Temple's minute of 24th December, 1877, there is one paragraph which seems to have been written without reflection. He says that in 1874 emigration was justly recommended as a remedy against famine in densely peopled Bengal, then suffering from drought, and having a population of from six to nine hundred persons to the square mile. Such a remedy, he adds, may be quite inapplicable to a thinly peopled country like the Bombay Deccan, having on an average only one hundred and fifty persons to the square mile. As a matter of fact the fertile tracts of Bengal are less overcrowded than the Deccan, although their population may be six times as dense. Much of the latter country, as Sir R. Temple himself states, is "unculturable waste," and the bringing under cultivation of new land within the last few years, of which he speaks so cheerfully, is a proceeding fraught with serious danger. The pressure of population causes poor grazing land to be broken up in favorable years, and in dry years this lapses into "unculturable waste," while those who attempted its cultivation and trusted to it for a livelihood are left without resource.

The Famine Commission have doubtless inquired how far it is possible to improve the permanent prosperity of India by means of emigration. Hitherto the migrations of the inhabitants of distressed districts have been made mainly in search of temporary relief, and with a distinct *animus revertendi*. Permanent depopulation, if such a thing were possible, might even now render the Bombay Deccan fairly prosperous; and there are great tracts of land in Khandoish which only require inhabitants in order to become prosperous also. Some attempts have been already made to transplant settlers from the crowded districts of Bombay to those which have never recovered the population and prosperity destroyed by Mahratta and Pindari, but the results have not yet been very encouraging. The Hindoo cultivator does not take kindly to a new soil, and fever is apt to attack those who break up fertile land that has lapsed into jungle. On the other hand, those remote villages in the Deccan which were left pretty much to their own resources during the famine, and whose

inhabitants betook themselves to temporary emigration, have ultimately suffered less from depopulation than villages where large sums have been expended in government relief.

A minute by Sir Louis Mallet, dated 17th December, 1877, appeared simultaneously with that of Sir Richard Temple on the famine, and the divergence of opinion between these two high authorities as to the condition of the peasantry in the Deccan is so wide as to be almost ludicrous. If Sir R. Temple is to be believed, the Deccan kunbis only require a few favorable seasons in order to be as well off as the peasantry in any part of India. Their "condition is improving, and goes on prospering and to prosper in a rude but substantial way." According to Sir L. Mallet, these same peasants are steadily sinking into hopeless penury, and the smaller proprietors are actually cultivating their land at a loss. The governor of Bombay has issued a minute dated 29th October, 1878, in answer to Sir Louis Mallet, and has appended to it memoranda by the leading members of the Bombay Civil Service. The particular question, as to whether the land assessment in the Bombay Deccan is or is not excessive, and whether the land-tax is the principal cause of poverty and indebtedness among the peasantry, of whom one-third are admittedly embarrassed with debt, must, I think, be answered in the negative; and it may be maintained that not only in the Deccan, but throughout India generally, the British government is not a hard landlord as regards the amount of rent exacted. The British land revenue is not a rack-rent; it is less than that which is received, under similar circumstances, by native princes or private freeholders known as *indādārs* and *jāghirdārs*. Thus, in the Deccan, the assessment on fair cultivated land does not amount to more than one-eighth of the average value of the gross produce, and much less than this on inferior land, being even as low as one twenty-fourth. This amount does not absorb more than half the true rent, so far as rent can be ascertained in a country occupied and cultivated mainly by peasants, with no intermediate proprietors between them and the government. In the British Deccan the land assessment is fixed for thirty years, and is now in its second period, the first regular survey and settlement having been commenced in 1836, and the second in 1866. Under the Mahrāttas the land-tax was higher than it is under

British rule, but was less strictly realized, and the strict realization of revenue rather than the amount demanded by the British government is the grievance complained of generally. It is indeed alleged, on behalf of the government, that "for the collection of this land-tax it is comparatively seldom necessary to resort to distraint, and very seldom to effect any transfer of property;" but the fact remains that the land revenue is a paramount charge on the land, and that for default of payment a right of forfeiture vests in the revenue authorities, and the collector can sell an absolutely unencumbered right of occupancy in the land. An Indian ryot clings to his right of occupancy with all the tenacity of an Irish peasant, and would rather submit to rack-renting than to the risk of eviction for non-payment of a moderate rent; and although the proportion of evictions made directly by the revenue authorities may be small compared with those effected by private creditors, still the natives' grievance against the British government seems to be, not the amount demanded in payment but the penalty inflicted for non-payment. Even when deprived of his land, the only thing of value which he possesses, he is not free to make a fresh start, without property indeed, but also without debt. Although he may be insolvent from no fault of his own, and may have surrendered all that he has to his creditors, if any balance remains against him he is still liable to imprisonment and to be stripped of any property subsequently acquired, to meet a debt of which the actual amount borrowed may have already been paid over and over again.

Many causes are operating mischievously upon Indian agriculture, and as regards several of these our government has done more to check than to aggravate the evil; e.g., the denudation of forests and the steady depletion of all fertilizing elements in the soil. All the materials which ought to restore the exhausted fertility of long-cultivated land, and which in China and Japan are so carefully utilized for that purpose, are in India consumed as fuel or buried in useless and dangerous accumulations. The outskirts of a Chinese city are perhaps even more offensive to the nostrils than those of Indian villages; but in the former case the eye is gladdened with the sight of luxuriant market gardens, where in the latter case are heaps of pestilential rubbish. In a few instances arrangements have been made by Indian municipalities

with the neighboring cultivators for the utilization of street-sweepings and other manures; but the mutual advantage of all parties; but the general prejudice is strong against such "unclean" proceedings, and they are only carried out under the pressure of authority. This process of depletion is, of course, chronic in its operation, and in long-settled districts has been going on for many centuries, so that no great change can be attributed to it within any very recent period. Certain important facts, however, go far to prove that over-population, the grand difficulty of India under the British *régime* is due in some districts rather to the diminished productiveness of the soil than to the increased number of the inhabitants. While the most powerful Mogul emperors concentrated on the banks of the Jumna all the wealth and power of Hindostan, a great independent kingdom flourished in the Deccan, and regal Bijapur rivalled imperial Agra and Delhi. This great Mahometan kingdom is now divided into two or three impoverished collectorates, and a few famine-stricken villagers shelter themselves under the stately battlements of Bijapur.

During a period of scarcity so difficult is locomotion in the interior, that when I wished to proceed from Sholapur to Bijapur in February, 1877, with only a limited amount of time available for the excursion, it was impossible to obtain relays of bullocks to convey servant and kit, either through rupees or magisterial influence. No forage was to be found along the road, and water only in a few places, so that the bullocks employed in carrying grain had also to drag loads of *karbi* (millet) stalks for their own sustenance, and their progress was of the slowest. The cattle by the roadside seemed to be actually starving, and too feeble to get out of my horse's way; I brushed against a bullock in riding by, when it at once subsided in a heap, and made no attempt to rise again. The road, indeed, was in good order, the rivers were easily forded, and the smaller streams were dried up; but the lack of forage neutralized all other facilities of transport, and rendered it impossible to convey supplies such as a great city would require. The appearance of the country was that of an arid desert, except immediately around the villages, which were conspicuous at intervals as spots of green, oases due to the existence of permanent wells, on the face of a dark brown landscape, stretching away to the horizon in long, low undulations, with

neither hill, river, nor wood to break the monotony.

Occasionally, as I cantered along, a lean figure would project itself upon its face at full length across the road just in front of my horse, to the imminent peril of all concerned, a mode of begging better calculated to arouse irritation than compassion. Besides the beggars, I passed on the road numerous bullock-carts toiling slowly along with loads of grain; but on the face of the surrounding country not a living creature was visible except a solitary antelope, for which there seemed to be absolutely nothing to eat. The heat of the sun was scorching, the only trees were the stunted acacias by the roadside and some wild date-palms in the water-courses—reduced to a few miry pools, where buffaloes were wallowing, and where horses declined to drink. It seemed incredible that this country could ever have been the seat of a great population, which would now find it impossible to obtain subsistence on the spot, and almost equally impossible to import it from a distance. But from the crest of a low ridge a huge dome appeared on the horizon; it was then eighteen miles distant, and increased very slowly in apparent size as I approached, while numberless smaller edifices with cupolas and minarets seemed gradually to spring up around it.

Here, in the desert, spreading over an area of many square miles, are the remains of the great city of Bijapur, with mighty walls of lava, still almost perfect, and countless mosques, palaces, and tombs, many of them gems of architectural beauty, and as yet uninjured by time, the elements, or the hand of man. Above all towers.

The dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—

the tomb of Mahmud Adil Shah. Of Bijapur it is literally true that

Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade.

Two centuries have not yet elapsed since this Mussulman city and kingdom fell before the assaults of Mogul and Mahratta, when still at the height of its splendor, and now its site is desolate as those of Baalbek or Pompeiopolis. In other parts of India may be seen ruined and deserted cities of great size and magnificence, but these are usually in fertile plains and near large rivers, where a numerous population can even now find the means of subsistence. Very different is it at Bija-

pur, where the hovels of the present inhabitants are sparsely scattered among the relics of the past, where the palaces are in ruins, and the tombs only are in repair. Bijapur is a city of the dead, and for the few survivors there is now neither food nor water. During my visit all the ancient tanks were dry except one, which was used for bathing, drinking, and washing clothes indiscriminately, while the corn bazaar was full of hungry women and children, gleaning the stray grains that had been dropped by the wayside, and making their livelihood at the expense of the sparrows. The surrounding country is without wood, and no means exist of bringing timber and fuel from a distance by water-carriage, for there is no river near Bijapur. Nothing in fact is now found in the neighborhood suitable for building a great city or for maintaining a dense population. But two centuries ago fuel could be obtained sufficient to bake bricks for the construction of many colossal domes, and numberless vacant sockets show how abundant were once the huge teak beams, of which a few specimens remain *in situ*, having escaped the hand of the modern spoiler. History and tradition may be utterly misleading as to the departed glories of a fallen dynasty, but here exist records of wealth and power which cannot deceive. The Gol Goomuz (round dome) has but three rivals in dimensions, all three in Italy, and two in the Eternal City itself — the Pantheon and St. Peter's. The Malik-i-Maidan (monarch of the plain) is believed to be even now the largest piece of ordnance in the world, and it still lies upon the bastion constructed for it at Bijapur, because its vast weight has deterred the British government from attempting to bring it as a trophy to England. Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, however, this huge howitzer was actually taken in triumph from the rival kingdom of Ahmednagar, and was then conveyed to its present situation across a country, where the lack of roads and bridges would now seem to render such a feat an engineering impossibility. The seats of power and population in India have always been liable to shift at the caprice of a prince, although such a move as that from Fathipur-Sikri to Agra was merely a change of camp from one part of the great plain of Hindostan to another, equally well adapted for the purpose. But the story of the Adil Shahi dynasty of Bijapur, so well told by Colonel Meadows Taylor, is the most brilliant episode in the annals of southern

India. Under these princes arose in the barren Deccan a kingdom which quickly overthrew or overshadowed all its numerous rivals, Hindoo and Mussulman, which flourished during two centuries as a splendid centre of wealth, learning, and art, and fell before the military power of Aurungzebe while still apparently at the zenith of its splendor, although its foundations were sapped by Sivaji and the rising power of the Mahrattas.

Bijapur is an extreme case of past riches and present poverty, but the causes which here "have dried up realms to deserts" are at work in other parts of the empire, and are tending to produce a similar state of decay. Is the evil beyond remedy? Can the process of exhaustion be arrested?

Sir Richard Temple is cheerful as to beneficial results from the recent famine, and tells us that "the people have learned a hard lesson of self-dependence, that their gratitude will have been excited towards the government, and that a fresh impetus has been given towards that material improvement of the country which is the best safeguard against famine in future." The reasons assigned for such optimistic views are the fresh start given to irrigation works, the construction of additional railroads, and the fact that every one is now convinced as to the necessity of restoring the jungles which once clothed the hills of the Deccan. Sir Richard also has schemes of sanitation, of purified water and utilized sewage — excellent schemes in their way, but liable, if carried out by stringent laws and under centralized departments, to result in crushing the unhappy ryot under new and unaccustomed burdens.

Instead of doctrinaire legislation for the relief of the "indebted agriculturist," it would be well to try a few practical experiments. When it has been found possible to carry out advantageously the government schemes in a few model villages, legislative reforms for the whole presidency of Bombay, if not for the rest of India, may be attempted with a fair prospect of success. There are districts of India where the soil is fertile and the rainfall abundant, as there are districts which are not over-peopled; but the Deccan is not one of these, and its material improvement must be very slow at the best.

A visit to Sholapur during the crisis of the famine of last year was enough to make hopeless the most sanguine. This part of the Deccan is peopled far beyond

the numbers which it can properly maintain; the rainfall is scanty and uncertain; the soil is so unproductive that much of the cultivated land pays only a few annas per acre of land-tax, and is even at that rate sufficiently burdened; many of the cultivators have no personal property (except their bullocks) that would sell for ten rupees, and many are hopelessly in debt. The same sort of land which in the Deccan supports (in favorable years) a population of cultivators numbered by thousands, would in Queensland be considered poor feeding for a flock of merino sheep, of which numbers would perish in a season of drought. A country so circumstanced cannot be rendered secure against famine by any precautions that government can take: it is not possible to turn it into a sheepwalk; the inhabitants cannot be deported and will not emigrate; they can just wring a bare subsistence out of the soil in ordinary times, and have, as a class, no reserve to fall back upon. Much of the land ought not to be cultivated at all, being too uncertain in its returns to support the necessary labor, and the normal condition of these patient, frugal kunbis would be regarded as one of starvation by any people with a moderately high standard of comfort. Nothing is or can be laid by for a *dry* day; there are no prudential checks upon population; when the rains fail they lose their draught cattle from scarcity of forage and water, and, even if they can keep themselves alive, they are thus crippled as to the means of planting their next crop. No permanent improvement will be produced in the condition of the people in the Sholapur and Kaldgi districts by the relief works, on which numbers were employed when I visited that country, and which might be described as making roads calculated to last for one dry season, digging tanks capable of holding water during the rains, and cutting down prickly-pear thickets, every fragment of which is the germ of a fresh plant. With such labor as was available, it was difficult at the time to do more than this, and in particular as to tanks the nature of the country is such that much of the advantage attributed to them is illusory. In a flat country with a porous soil water cannot be stored at such elevations as will render it available for extensive irrigation, and even where a tank has been constructed (as near Sholapur) capable of retaining a large amount of water throughout a prolonged drought, it has been mainly useful as affording a good supply of drinking-

water in return for the ten or twelve lakhs expended upon it. The cultivators seldom appreciate extensive irrigation works, and even decline to use or to pay for them; additional wells, on the other hand, are an indisputable benefit, and are everywhere highly appreciated by the natives; but government engineers despise such work as digging wells, and prefer to conduct operations on a grander but less profitable scale. An important chord line has been constructed between Dhond and Munmar, and railways have done and will do more than any other public works to mitigate famines in India. In northern India, since menaced in its turn with famine, grain was abundant in the spring of 1877, and nearly every railway station between Delhi and the Deccan was encumbered with sacks of grain awaiting transport, which a single line with a limited rolling stock was unable to furnish, tasked as it was in addition by the conveyance of the multitudes who had attended the Imperial assemblage. It was painful in those days of famine to see the havoc which damp and vermin were making in the unprotected masses of food.

Above all it is desirable, before attempting agrarian legislation in India, to take the natives into confidence; and until something like genuine representation of the people has been introduced into the legislature, the administrators of the executive can only ascertain the popular desires, grievances, and opinions through indirect means, such as general conversation and the columns of the vernacular press. The value of the latter source of information has been seriously affected by the Gagging Act, even in its modified form; and all well-wishers of India must sympathize with those public bodies in Calcutta, Poona, and elsewhere, who are continuing the agitation for its total repeal. On many matters of policy the common gossip of bazaars and other public places, if heard and listened to, would save the government from the commission of serious blunders. I have more than once heard judicial officers well acquainted with the natives express their utter sense of helplessness and ignorance, after trying an important criminal case, in some such terms as these: "I am unable, after the most careful investigation, to feel any certainty as to whether the accused is guilty or not; there is plenty of direct inculpatory evidence, but I have no means of knowing how far it is trustworthy, and the whole thing may be a well-organized

conspiracy. But the most painful part of the business is, that there is, perhaps, not another man in court, besides myself, who does not know well enough how the matter really stands, and whether the accused is a criminal or a victim of calumny. If instead of examining witnesses formally in the witness-box I could talk the matter over quietly with a few of the spectators, I could give judgment with a fair degree of certainty that I am doing substantial justice." If this holds good in judicial matters, where all is open and above-board, the executive, which sees and hears only through its subordinate officers, is even more apt to remain in ignorance of what is thought and felt by the masses of its subjects, and ought to seize every possible opportunity of learning the *non-official* opinions of the country.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

XXVII.

OVERLAND WITH CATTLE.—THE START. —THE STAMPEDE.

At last the mustering was completed. The stores and rations necessary for the requirements of the journey, and the supplies for the new station during the first six months, were all packed upon a great bullock-dray, to be drawn by twelve huge oxen. The men had been hired. They were six in number, of whom one was a bullock-driver and another a cook. Two black boys were also to be attached to the expedition, thus making the total number ten. They were,—John, in charge; Desmard; four drovers; a bullock-driver; a cook, and two black boys.

As it was highly necessary to watch the cattle at night, the party were told off into regular watches, with the exception of the bullock-driver and cook, whose duties exempted them from this part of the work, and of the two natives, on whom little or no reliance could be placed, the temptation to sleep proving sometimes too strong for them. The night was thus divided into three watches of four hours each, each watch consisting of two men. Twenty-two horses had been shod, and were divided amongst the party, in the proportion of one each to the bullock-driver and cook, two night-horses, and two to each of the other members, with two spare ones.

Of the two native boys who were anxious to follow John's fortunes for a time, one was about fifteen years of age, the other about fourteen. The eldest, "Blucher," was rather an uncivilized lad, not having been much in contact with whites, but of an energetic disposition. The other, whose appellation was "Gunpowder," was a gentle, quiet boy, with a mild face, large, soft eyes, and curly hair. Blucher, indeed, had only made up his mind to go with the cattle a day or two before they started, owing to an altercation which had taken place between him and the Ungahrn cook. Native boys employed on a station are almost always fed by their master's hand, or from the kitchen. The employer cuts off a large slice of bread and beef, and pours out a liberal supply of tea; and the boy seats himself outside on the ground, very much more contented with this meal than if he had had the trouble of cooking it himself. This is often done to protect him from the rapacity of his friends, with whom he is bound by his tribal laws to divide his food, and partly to save the time they invariably waste in cooking.

The black boys are quick at appreciating differences in the social scale, and a single look enables them to distinguish between a master and a mere white fellow. It pleases them to have their food from their master's table, or cooked in the kitchen; and as they are throughout their lives mere children, they are much humored, and their presence tolerated about the head-station buildings.

The kitchen-woman on Ungahrn had but a short temper, and the boys having been brought rather much forward during the mustering, through which they had been of the greatest service, got into the habit of walking into the kitchen for the purpose of lighting their pipes at the stove, notwithstanding that a large fire burnt under a boiler outside. To their minds, the fire inside the house gave a much sweeter taste to the pipe they loved.

Blucher, as usual, had marched into the room on the morning in question, coolly ignoring the remonstrances of the irritated woman, when her passion getting the better of her, she made a rush at him with the poker, which, perhaps, she had heated on purpose, and touched him on the bare leg—for, like all his race, when not on horseback he doffed his trousers and boots, and wore nothing but a Crimean shirt. The pain of the wound was as nothing to the indignity. With a bound he rushed into the "cawbawn

humpy," his eyes flashing, with insulted pride exclaiming, "Missa Fitzgell, white Mary cook 'em me," pointing to his leg,* nor could Fitzgerald's remonstrances or condolences avail anything; Blucher tendered his services to John, who, finding that Fitzgerald did not object, exchanged him for another boy whom he had purposed taking.

Blacks are excitable to the last degree, extremely fond of change and adventure, and, in their own way, brave enough. Blucher and Gunpowder, on the eve of their departure for a new country, where they would be certain to come in contact with *myalls*,† were looked upon as embryo heroes, and entertained their admiring tribal brethren with much boastful promise of future daring—indeed, so much enthusiasm sprang up in the tribe, that even the grey-headed old men assailed John to be allowed to accompany him.

The day of departure came, the gates of the herding-yard were thrown open, and Fitzgerald sitting on his horse on one side, with John opposite, counted out the squeezing, roaring, many-colored crowd; and the number being ascertained, a start was effected. The men mounted, and the overland journey to the new home, nearly six hundred miles away, commenced. During his stay on Ungahrun, John had made two or three short trips with cattle, and the experience thus gained gave him much confidence. His measures were carefully weighed beforehand; and his knowing exactly how to meet any difficulty which might arise, assisted greatly in making matters smooth and pleasant for all parties. The bullock-drays with the cook had started very early, and the driver was ordered to halt at a certain spot about thirteen miles distant, where John intended making his first camp. The usual travelling distance for cattle is from seven to nine miles per day; but being fresh, and not inclined to eat, they could have gone considerably farther. They march along evidently very much displeased with having their long-accustomed habits broken into.

On the run, when left to themselves, they feed the greater part of the night; now they have to learn to sleep during the cool, dewy darkness, when the grass is sweetest, and march, march, march during the hot, dusty day, picking up a scanty meal by the roadside, off what has probably been walked over by half-a-dozen

mobs of sheep and cattle within the last fortnight. They dislike exceedingly feeding on ground over which sheep have grazed: they cannot bear the smell left behind them by those animals; it disgusts them; besides which, the sheep crowd together in great numbers, and tread down and destroy more than they eat. Now and then a roar breaks from one of the exiles, who remembers an old mate left behind, or perhaps two or three grown-up members of her family; or some hobbledehoy of a steer cannot forget his mother, or they think in concert of the sweet wattle-shaded gullies and rich pastures of Ungahrun, and bellow disconsolately a bovine version of "Home, Sweet Home." The men are disposed in a half-circle behind the cattle, at some distance from one another. The pace is very slow; and although for the first day or two they cannot well do their work on foot owing to the unsteadiness of the cattle, they allow full rein to their horses, who graze contentedly as they walk behind the mob, managing to chew the grass almost as well with the bit in their mouths as without it.

The cattle will not camp in the middle of the day yet; and the men, who are old drovers, have taken care to provide some food with which they satisfy themselves, washing it down with cold water from the nearest water-hole. About four or five o'clock in the evening, they come in sight of the camp chosen for the night's resting-place. It is a pretty timbered ridge, covered with green grass. The bullock-drays are drawn up at a convenient spot, near which a large fire burns, its smoke curling away up among the dark-leaved trees. The bullock-driver and cook are busily engaged in erecting a couple of tents, the smaller of which is to be occupied by John and Desmard. The men are to share the other, and the immense tarpaulin which covers the bullock-drays with its load, and extends on each side of it propped up by forks, between them.

The deep-sounding bullock-bells jangle down in the creek, and the spare horses have been hobbled out, and feed all round. It is too early as yet to get into camp, for the cattle have walked unceasingly. In a few days they will be glad to graze, and then the arrival at camp can be timed properly. The feed here is good, but they will not look at it. They turn and march homewards in a body, on being left to themselves for a moment, and are continually brought back. A cooey from the cook announces supper, and half

* All white women are termed "white Maries" by the natives.

† Wild, uncivilized aborigines—*jangalis*.

the men start for the camp to make a quiet meal before dark. This will probably be the worst night during the whole journey. The second half of the party are afterwards relieved by the first; and as they discuss the evening meal, they discuss also the likelihood of a quiet camp or a rush off it.

Cattle are very liable to be frightened off their camp during the first few nights on the road; and when this occurs, a tremendous stampede, with serious consequences sometimes, takes place, and ever afterwards the cattle are on the watch to make a similar rush. This is more particularly the case with a mob of strong, rowdy bullocks; and some breeds of cattle are naturally wilder than others, and therefore more inclined to start.

The Ungahrun herd had a considerable strain of Hereford blood running through it, as any one might discover by the numerous red bodies and white faces; and the cattle, although very fine and large-framed, were characterized by the rather uneasy nature of that celebrated breed; besides which, the presence in the mob of the wildest animals on the run and a number of scrubbers might lead to a stampede at any moment, and on this account great precaution and vigilance were maintained.

Fires had been lighted at stated distances, in a circle large enough to permit the travelling herd to move about easily within it. Horses ridden during the day were exchanged for fresh ones, and the cattle were slowly driven into the centre of the fire-enclosed ring. Night comes on, but they think not of lying down. Incessantly moving they keep up one continuous roar, and endeavor to walk off in every direction. All hands are busy keeping them back. The night is very dark, but one can see the forms moving out between the fires. When one goes another follows, and so on in a string. It takes the men all their time to keep them in.

West had just made his way from one fire to another, meeting Fitzgerald there, who had come from his sentry duty between it and the fire beyond, and they have driven in the cattle as they came; but looking back again, they each see the determined brutes stringing out as fast as ever. They turn their horses, and with suppressed shouts, force them back, and returning, meet once more to repeat the same over again. Between almost every fire the same thing is going on.

The night is quite dark; the uproar is

tremendous. One or two men have already mistaken their comrades' horses for stray cattle, and have called forth a volley of curses by using their whips.

"Way!" "Look back!" "Head on there!" "Come out o' that!" "Way woh!" "Look up!" are heard in all directions.

"I'll tell you what, West," says Fitzgerald, "you'll have to ring them. Pass the word round for all hands to follow one another in a circle, at a little distance apart."

This plan succeeded admirably. No sooner does a cunning beast try to make its way out after the sentry has passed, than another sentry, moving up in the circle, observes it, and is immediately followed by a third and fourth, and so on continually. The cattle ring also. They at last get tired of the continual motion and bellowing, and some lie down, but not for long. They are up again, and the same thing occurs once more. After about four hours they become a little quieter, and half the men are despatched to the camp to get some sleep, leaving the other half on duty. The watch who have turned in still keep their horses tied up in case of accident, and their comrades on duty are obliged to be very active; but a number of cattle are now lying down. About half past two in the morning the first watch is called, and the rest obtain a short repose until a little before day-break, when they are roused by the cook, who has been preparing breakfast during the last half-hour.

After the morning meal, they proceed to catch their respective nags from among the horses which have been brought up by Gunpowder, whose turn it is for that duty, and follow the cattle, which have been making the most vigorous efforts to leave the camp since the rising of the morning star. They head them northwards, and once more the creatures are lining each side of the road in a long string. The rest of the men having finished their meal and changed their horses, follow them, leaving the bullock-driver and cook to bring up the rear with the baggage, and one of the black boys to follow with the spare horses. The cattle are inclined to feed this morning; and about eleven o'clock the dray and horses come up and pass on ahead about a mile. The cook makes a fire, and has dinner ready by the time the cattle come up. Each one fills the quart he carries at his saddle-dee, and helps himself to bread and beef; and the dray starts on ahead

for the appointed camping-place, arriving there about half past two or three, when the preparations for the evening meal are again commenced. The cattle camp very much better the second night, and half of the men turn in immediately after supper. In a night or two the ordinary watch of two men will be quite sufficient. Fitzgerald takes leave of the party next morning, and returns, after shaking hands with John and cordially wishing him prosperity. Desmard is also made happy with an assurance that Jacky-Jacky shall be shifted on to the tenderest feed on the whole run.

And now John is in sole charge. Upon him depends the responsibility of the whole undertaking. Desmard's society is a great boon to him; for although he mixes freely and converses familiarly with his men to a certain extent, the maintenance of authority demands that he shall live apart from them; and without the young new chum he would have been very lonely in his camp. The weather is gloriously fine as usual, and the travelling is quite a pleasure-trip. John rides on ahead, selects a suitable spot for a camp, examines the watering-places, and the cattle graze leisurely along.

Some of the men walk, leading their horses, in order to spare them as much as possible, the loosened bits enabling them to browse as they follow behind the mob. Here a drover sits side-saddle fashion for the sake of ease, idly flicking at the grass tussocks with his long whip; there one snatches a few moments to read a page in a yellow-bound volume, lifting his head now and then to observe how his charge are getting on. The black boy with the cattle has fastened his horse's rein to the stirrup-iron, and allows him to feed about, while he moves from tree to tree, his hand shading his upturned eyes as he scrutinizes each branch in his search for the tiny bee which manufactures his adored *chewgah-bag*;* or with catlike stealthiness, waddy in hand, cautiously stalks the unsuspecting kangaroo-rat or bandicoot.

The cattle have quietly selected their respective places in the line of march; a certain lot keep in front as leaders, and the wings, body, and tail are each made up of animals who will continue to occupy the same position all the way, unless compelled by sickness to change it. The sharp-sighted, experienced drivers already

know many of them by sight so accurately, as to be able to detect the absence from the herd of any portion of it. At sundown they draw quietly on to the camp, and are soon lying down peacefully, and the two men appointed for the first watch mount the night-horses, and allow all hands to get to supper. At ten o'clock they call West and Desmard.

John has taken the young man into the same watch with himself, partly to guard him against any practical joking which his simplicity may give rise to, and partly to supply any want of precaution, or remedy any inadvertent neglect occasioned by his inexperience.

They come out of the tent. All is dark night. The fire burns brightly, and throws a ruddy glow on the white tent. The dim outline of the bullock-dray, with its tarpaulin-covered load, looms against the dark background a little way off. The two black boys, stripped naked, lie almost in the ashes of the fire; their clothes are scattered about; their new blankets, already spotted with grease, dirt, and ashes, are made use of by a couple of dogs who belong to the bullock-driver. Buckets, pots, and camp-ovens stand together in a cluster. Everything is hushed and quiet. As West and Desmard stand at the fire filling their pipes, they can detect dimly the extent of the great cattle-camp by the reflection of the various fires on the tops of the trees. How quiet the cattle are! not a breath is heard. The sound of the large, variously-toned bullock-bells comes melodiously from where the workers are feeding half a mile away.

Now a horse's tread is heard, and the figure of a horse and his rider issues from the darkness into the bright firelight. The man dismounts. "All quiet?" asks John. "Yes," answers the watch; "not a stir out of them yet." Another watchman now rides up on the other side, his horse shying slightly as he hears the tent, and makes a similar report. John and Desmard mount and make their way round the mob from fire to fire, until they meet on the other side. Some of the cattle are lying down, almost in the path, and they nearly stumble over them in the darkness.

"How — ah — vewy intewesting this is!" remarks Desmard; "quite — ah — womantic, keeping midnight watch. The — ah — deah cweateahs seem to have — ah — made up their minds to — ah — behave themselves."

"Yes," said John, "for a little; but in about half an hour's time you will find

* Sugar-bag — the native pigeon-English word for honey.

that it will take you all your time to keep them in the camp, and perhaps they may trouble us for nearly an hour, but will then settle down and (unless disturbed) remain perfectly quiet until morning. I chose this watch on that very account. About eleven o'clock every night they will rise, and move in the same manner all through the journey."

"How — ah — vewy singulah!"

It happened exactly as John had said. One by one the cattle rose and stretched themselves, until the whole camp became alive with a moving, bellowing, dusky crowd, incessantly endeavoring to straggle away. It required much vigilance and activity on the part of both West and Desmard to keep them together, and the latter proved himself a very efficient assistant.

At last the cattle began to settle once more. One by one they selected new sleeping-places, and, dropping first on their knees, they lazily sank down on the ground with a flop, emitting a loud sigh of content as they did so.

John had stationed himself on the side of the cattle nearest home, leaving the most easily guarded side to Desmard, and was congratulating himself at hearing the welcome sigh heaved all around him when — a sudden rush — a whirl — a tearing, crashing, roaring, thundering noise was heard; a confused whirl of dark forms swept before him, and the camp, so full of life a minute ago, is desolate. It was "a rush," a stampede.

Desperately he struck his horse with the spurs, and tore through the darkness after the flying mob, guided by the smashing roar ahead of him. Several times he came violently into collision with saplings and branches, and at last, in crossing a creek, he fell headlong with his horse in a water-worn gully, out of which he managed to extricate himself, happily without having sustained any injury. But not so with the horse — the creature groaned and struggled, but could not rise.

Undoing the bridle, John climbs out again and listens. The noise of the retreating mob can still be heard in the distance, and he thinks he can also distinguish shouts. Horses are grazing near; and hastily catching the first he came to, he jumped on its back, and had proceeded nearly a hundred yards before he recollected that he had forgotten to remove the hobbles.

In remedying his mistake, he now observes that the animal which he has chosen is the most noted buck-jumper in

the mob — one that few would venture to ride saddled, but not one barebacked. He does not give it a second thought, however, so intent is he on pursuing the cattle. He flies along, urging the creature with the hobbles in his hand. He does not know where he is going, but keeps straight ahead on chance, and at last has the satisfaction of hearing the bellowing once more in the distance. He gallops up and finds that one of the men, mounted on Desmard's horse, has managed to stop the breakaways. Presently another man and Blucher ride up. They watch the cattle together until morning, for the animals are terrified, and ready to stampede again.

XXVIII.

ON THE ROAD.—ABORIGINAL INNOCENTS.

— A WET NIGHT ON WATCH.—DODGING COWS.

By daylight the rest of the men came up, and the cattle were driven back, and once more started along the road. As they returned to camp broken saplings and branches attest the force of last night's flight, and some of the cattle appear more or less disabled. It had been most fortunate that they were stopped so quickly, for in a short time they would have split up in many directions, and the mustering of them afresh would have caused much delay.

At breakfast John asked Desmard if anything had occurred on his side of the camp to start the mob.

"Well — ah — no," said he. "I weally am ignorant of any cause. Just — ah — before they went all was — ah — quiet. One — ah — pooh cweatah neah me lay down and — ah — uttered a most heart-wending sigh. She — ah — seemed most — ah — unhappy, so I — ah — dismounted, and — ah — walked up to her, and — ah — she weally was most ungateful, she — ah — actually wushed at me, and — ah — vewy neahly caught me, and then — ah — something fwightened the rest, and — ah — some one took my horse."

The men roared while John explained to the well-meaning cause of the trouble, that the cattle being totally unused to the sight of a man on foot at night, his near approach to them had caused the alarm; and, indeed, quieter cattle might have objected to his richly-colored garments.

West's horse lay where he fell. His neck was broken.

They are now on the direct track of travelling mobs of cattle and sheep, on

their way to stock new country. They camp each night where some other mob have rested the night before them. The stations they pass are mostly worked by bachelors. The roughness of their surroundings indicates the want of feminine influence.

Blacks are being allowed in for the first time at one station they pass, and some of the young men employed on it amuse themselves in a good-humored way with the unsophisticated aboriginals, to whom everything is perfectly new and strange. The natives especially admire the short-cropped hair of the white man, and make signs expressive of the ardent desire they possess to wear their own in a similar fashion. They have never seen a pair of shears, and shriek with childish joy on noting the rapidity with which an amateur barber, holding his patient at arm's length, crops his long, curly hair to the bone, tastefully leaving a high ridge from the forehead to the neck, after the fashion of a cock's comb. All must be shorn in turn, and ingenuity is taxed to multiply new and startling fashions. Another begs to be allowed to fire off a gun, and receives an overloaded one, the result being a sudden upset, and an increased reverence for the white man's strength. A bottle of scent is held to the nose of a wild-looking fellow, who has just been christened by the name of "Bloody-bones," of which he is immensely proud. He cannot endure the smell, and turns away, expressing his disgust by holding his nose and imitating sickness. One pertinacious black fellow insists upon being permitted to smoke, and is handed a pipe, in which has been artfully concealed below the tobacco a thimbleful of gunpowder, occasioning, of course, an explosion as soon as the fire reaches it, to the surprise of the savage, who thinks himself shot.

Horse-exercise is also greatly sought after, and one powerful, middle-aged man entreats so persistently in his own language, and by signs, that the favor is granted. An old race-horse with a peculiarly hard mouth and spirited action is tied up hard by. A brilliant idea enters the head of a genius who is plagued beyond endurance by the would-be cavalier. He unsaddles "old Chorister," and undoes the throat-lash, so that should the horse get away the bridle may be easily rubbed off by him. The grizzly warrior is assisted to mount. The reins are put in his hands, but he prefers clutching the mane. One — two — three — off! The

old hurdle-horse receives a cut across the rump, and perhaps remembering past triumphs on the turf, he makes a start which would have done credit to his most youthful days. Unguided, he gets in among some broken gullies, and clears each in gallant style, the black man sitting like a bronze statue. In an instant he is out of sight, leaving the tribe in a whirl of admiration at his rapid disappearance, and the whites convulsed with laughter at the old fellow's surprise, and monkey-like seat. By-and-by the rider comes back on foot, bridle in hand, shaking his head, and saying "Tumbel down." He is offered another mount, but declines for the present.

Day after day the routine of work was unchanged. Sometimes the pasture over which they travelled was very bare, and the water bad and scarce. Dead animals were passed every mile or two. Most of the ordinary operations of life had to be got over under difficulties. When the beef ran short, a beast had to be shot on the camp, and salted on the ground, its own hide doing duty as the salting-table.

Every alternate Sunday, when the state of grass and water permitted, the cattle were halted, and clothes were washed. All hands had got thoroughly into the work, and the change for the better in Desmard, who had discarded his gorgeous apparel after the night of the rush, became very marked. He grew more useful and practical every day.

Sometimes men from the camps ahead or behind stayed all night at West's, when looking for stray cattle or horses.

One evening a black fellow rode up. He wore neither hat nor boots, and his wild look, and inability to speak English, denoted that he was a *myall* of one of the tribes lately let in at the stations they had just passed, who had been induced to accompany some travelling mob, the owner of which had not been able to procure a boy when further south.

Desmard happened to be alone at the camp, the rest being all engaged elsewhere. The grotesque-looking savage jogged up, all legs and wings, and dismounting pointed to his horse with the words —

"Gobble-gobble —"

"Gobble — ah — gobble?" interrogated Desmard.

The nigger nodded his head with its shock of tangled curls, and grinned, showing a set of strong white teeth, like a dog's.

"You are — ah — hungwy, I suppose?"

said the white man, producing a large plate full of bread and beef, which the sable stockman soon disposed of, and rising, once more uttered the words —

"Gobble — Gobble, gobble — gobble —"

"Gobble — ah — gobble?" repeated Desmard, with surprise.

The black fellow nodded.

Desmard returned to the dray, and produced an additional supply, which was also despatched.

Once more the savage grinned and pointed to his horse.

"Gobble, Gobble."

"Gobble — ah — gobble," again repeated Desmard reflectively, offering more food, which the black fellow lovingly looked at but rejected, pointing to his distended stomach.

"Gobble — ah — gobble — singulah — but vewy — ah — suggestive. I — ah — re-juice Jack-Jacky is not heah."

The black fellow now put his feet together, and jumped about, imitating the action of a hobbled horse, upon which light at once dawned on the Englishman, who provided the delighted *myall* with the articles in question. He had, it turned out, been sent by his master to look for a stray horse, and had been ordered to borrow hobbles at every camp he stayed at, they being scarce at his own.

Desmard began to acquire habits of observation about this time, and among other things, by watching the cook, he discovered the art of making a damper. This interested him greatly, and he confessed to the "doctor" the ill success of his own first attempt in the baking line, the night before he arrived at Ungahrun.

"I — ah — had camped out for — ah — the first time, in order to — ah — inuah myself to — ah — hardship, and — ah — wished to make a damper — which I — ah — heard was most — ah — delicious. I — ah — made a large fire, and — ah — mixed up the — ah — flour with some — ah — watah in a quart-pot, and — ah — after stirring it, I — ah — made a hole in the — ah — ashes, and I — ah — poured in the mixture, but — ah — though I was nearly blinded, I — ah — covered it up, and — ah — waited, and — ah — waited, — but vewy singulah to say, when I — ah — looked for the damper, it was — ah — not there; but I see now that I — ah — went the wrong way to — ah — work."

Shortly after this the travellers experienced a change in the weather. Frequent thunderstorms came on, and lasted all

night, occasionally continuing during the day also. It was a most miserable time. The wretched cattle kept moving about on the puddled-up, muddy camp, bellowing out their discontent, and desire for higher and drier quarters, their unhappiness being only exceeded by that of the drovers. The watch, clothed in oilskins, or with blankets tied round their necks, splashed and bagged their way around the restless brutes, who constantly endeavored to steal away on the dark nights, the broad lightning glare alone revealing the fact to the much-harassed sentries. Unceasingly, mercilessly, down poured the heavy rain. The men on watch get wet through almost at once, and sit shivering on their shivering horses. Every five minutes they bend their legs to allow the water to run out of their long boots.

How they long for the slow hours to pass, so that they may get under the shelter of the friendly tarpaulin! At last the hour arrives, but there is no time to stand at the fire as usual this night. Indeed there is none to stand by. It went out long ago. One of them shouts out to the next men for duty, and hurries back to assist in looking after the barely manageable crowd.

The relief now turn out of their blankets and look outside. Everything black, a steady down-pour of rain. Everything dripping, — the very ground under their feet oozes out water. They light their pipes hastily, and fasten their blankets around their necks. Splash, — splash, — splash, — a horse comes up, and one of the watch dismounts.

"How are they behaving?"

"Bad. You've got your work before you," answers the other.

"Whereabout is the camp? they seem to be roaring everywhere. I'm blown if I can see a yard in front of me."

"As soon as you get clear of the dray, stop a moment, and the lightning will show you."

No. 2 rides off, cursing the day he took to cattle-droving, and No. 1 turns in, dripping wet, boots and all, like a trooper's horse (his other clothes were soaked the day before). Still he is under cover, which he feels to be a mercy. His comrade is relieved in like manner, and follows his example, and before long they are both sound asleep.

Daylight breaks upon an equally wretched state of affairs. The black boys have indeed managed to light a fire in the neighboring hollow tree, and the cook has with difficulty boiled doughboys, which,

although tough and indigestible, are nevertheless hot, and are washed down with pannikins of steaming tea.

There is, however, no time to dry the soaking clothes. The blankets, wet and muddy, are rolled up in a hasty bundle and tossed on the dray. By-and-by, when the sun comes out, the blowflies will deposit their disgusting eggs upon them, which the heat will hatch. The trembling horses, whose hanging heads and drooping under-lips and ears bespeak their abject misery, are saddled. Many of them suffer from bad saddle-galls, which are rendered excruciatingly tender by the constant wet, and in spite of every care they bend in acute agony under the weight of their riders as they are mounted.

A few cows have calved since they started, but the number increases as the calving season approaches, and causes much trouble, labor, and loss.

As it is impossible for the young things to follow their mothers, they are knocked on the head as soon as observed, but the mothers insist upon returning to their dead offspring. They are sent for each day, and are driven after the advancing mob, merely to steal back again on the first opportunity. Many of them make back, and are recovered two or three times before they cease to think of their young ones. Various expedients are adopted to obviate this, but all fail. An old hand, however, whose life has been spent on the road, has recourse to a plan which he confidently affirms he never knew to fail, if properly carried out. He watches until a calf is dropped, and after allowing the mother to lick it for a short time, causes her to be driven away. Then killing the little creature, he skins it carefully; and turning the skin inside out, so as to prevent it coming in contact with anything which can alter its smell, he ties it behind his saddle.

On coming into camp at night, the skin is stuffed hastily, and laid at the foot of a tree. The mother is brought up quietly. She is thinking of her little one. She sees the dummy. She stops, and gazes. "Moo-oo-oo." She advances: it is like her own. She smells it: it is the smell. She licks it: it is her very own. She utters a tender "moo-oo-oo," and contentedly stands guard over the stuffed hide, to the intense satisfaction and joy of Blucher and Gunpowder, upon whom most of the trouble of tracking and recovering the mothers of former calves has fallen.

"My word," says Blucher, in an ecstasy of sly merriment to the old drover, as he watches the fond and deceived parent lick the semblance of her young one—"cawbawn you and me gammon old woman."* And indeed it is a blessing that she stays, for the constant fetching back of the straying cows is telling severely upon the jaded horses.

The plan is adopted, and succeeds in every case, saving a world of trouble; and every night two or three cows may be seen watching as many calfskins, while the drowsy watchman sits nodding on a log by the fire.

Day by day they continue their weary pilgrimage. Sometimes they follow the banks of a clear running stream, in whose limpid waters the travel-worn animals stand drinking, as if they would drain its fountains dry. Sometimes they wend their toiling path over rugged ranges, grinding down the shell of their tired hoofs on the sharp-cornered pebbles and granite grit. At times they feed on the luscious herbage and luxuriant blue-grasses of a limestone country, and anon they make the most of the kangaroo-grasses of the poorer sandy lands; but onward still they march for their new home in the "never, never" country.

XXIX.

FORMING A STATION. — TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF A PIONEER.

ABOUT this time John received a batch of letters from the south, by a gentleman who was travelling out to a station lately taken up by him, and who had kindly undertaken the duty of mailman *en passant*, no postal arrangement having been as yet made for this unsettled part of the country.

Among others is one from Fitzgerald, detailing various items of local news, intermixed with business matters. Nothing further had been heard of Ralph or his fellow-criminal Cane, and the pursuit had apparently been given up. It was conjectured that they would endeavor to make their way down to New South Wales, and perhaps join some of the various bushrangers who were infesting the gold-fields of that colony.

Cosgrove senior had taken the matter very much to heart, and had gone to Sydney, after appointing a new superintendent to manage Cambaranga, and it was supposed that he would return to

* You and I deceived the old cow beautifully."

England. Stone and his father-in-law, Mr. Gray, had changed their minds about sending out stock to the new country at present, and would in all probability wait until after the wet season had passed by. Stone and Bessie were enjoying the delights of Sydney. All were well at Ungahrun and at Betyammo.

In a postscript Fitzgerald added that his endeavors to find out further particulars about Miss Bouverie had proved unavailing: all he could learn was that she had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley to Melbourne, and no one knew when they purposed returning.

One letter, from the smallness of its size, escaped his notice until he had finished with the others. To his surprise it was addressed in the handwriting of a lady; and hastily tearing it open to learn the signature, he was no less surprised than enchanted to read the words, "Your affectionate friend, Ruth."

She still remembered him, then; and with affection! He was so much pleased with the thought, that some time elapsed before he read his much-longed-for letter. It was dated Sydney, and commenced as follows:—

"MY DEAR MR. JOHN, — You will no doubt be surprised at receiving a letter from me dated as above. We arrived here about a month ago, and I only discovered your address within the last few days from Mr. Cosgrove's Sydney agent, Mr. Bond, a very nice man. I do hope you will answer this letter. I am afraid you did not receive the letters which I continued to write to you for some time after your departure, because I never received any in return."

[Indeed Ralph took care that she should not do so; for, hating the intimacy which he saw existing between John and his half-sister, as he called her — an intimacy which his mind and habits rendered him utterly incapable of participating in — he made it his business to intercept and destroy the few letters which John had written, managing, at the same time, to possess himself of Ruth's correspondence, which suffered a similar fate.]

The letter went on to say how sorry she had been to learn that he had left Mr. Cosgrove's station, for her step-father spoke of his ingratitude with much bitterness; and although she could not believe him ungrateful, perhaps, if he made her aware of the circumstances, she might mediate, and put things once more in proper train.

She recalled the days of their past lives with much affectionate remembrance; and the whole letter breathed a warm sympathy which, considering the length of time that had elapsed since they last saw each other, awoke many a cherished feeling in John's breast, and he read and re-read it until he could have repeated it word for word; and on the very first opportunity he wrote a long letter in return, detailing all that had happened to him, — how his letters had remained unanswered, and how his memory of her was as fresh this day as when he last saw her. He could not bear to mention Ralph's name, however; for he knew that by this time she must have learnt the dreadful story, which would have the effect of publishing his crime throughout the land.

Despard had also a numerous batch of letters, both colonial and English — one of the former containing an advantageous proposal to join, in taking up "new country," a squatter who was under an obligation to the young man's father, and who had only lately learnt of his being in the colony.

The country about them now presented daily evidences of its unsettled state. The travellers pass camps of sheep and cattle spelling on patches of good grass to recruit, or waiting for supplies to proceed further. Every one carried a revolver or carbine. Stories of attacks by blacks — many of them greatly exaggerated — are rife; and the talk is all of taking up and securing country. Rumors fly about fine tracts of hitherto unknown land, of immense areas of downs, and splendid rivers still further out, and so on. Empty drays pass downwards on the road to port for supplies. Occasionally a yellow, fever-stricken individual pursues his way south to recruit, or is seen doing his "shivers" under some bullock-dray camped beside the road. At length they come to the commencement of the fine country discovered by Stone and his companions, and arrive at the camp of Mr. Byng, the gentleman who sold to Fitzgerald the tract of land they intend settling on. Byng himself has brought out stock, and has settled on a portion which became his by lot. It is the very farthest spot of ground occupied by white men.

The cattle are now halted, and left nominally under the charge of Despard; while Byng rides ahead with John to point out to him the country, and the best road to it. Blucher accompanies them, and much amuses his master by the ex-

cessive sanguinarity of his disposition. They cross the fresh tracks of blacks frequently, and each time Blucher begs that they may be attacked. John, who is by no means of a bloodthirsty nature, and rather shudders at the idea of a possible encounter with the savages, endeavors to explain that, when no aggression has taken place, the natives must be left alone; but Blucher cannot see things in that light.

"That fellow — rogue, cawbawn no good," he urges.

"What for you yabber (talk) like it that?" asked John. "Bail (not) that fellow been try to kill you and me."

"Nebber mind," returned the savage youth, his eyes nearly startling out of his head. "Come on; me want to chewt (shoot) him cawbawn (much)."

This amiable desire not being gratified, Blucher would fall back sulkily, evidently setting down John's refusal to a dread of the aborigines.

They pushed their way over the lovely country which Stone had undergone so much to discover, passing through part of the run about to be stocked by him and Mr. Gray; and in about seventy miles they "made" a mountain, from the top of which Byng pointed out, in a general way, the boundaries of that portion of the wilderness which they had come so far to subdue. It was by no means as fine a country as that which they had lately passed over, but seemed well grassed and watered, and was darkly clothed with heavy masses of timber.

John's heart beat high as he silently gazed on the vast territory over which he was to rule as absolute monarch. The future lay wrapped in impenetrable mystery; but whether success or misfortune should be the ultimate result of his labors, of one thing he was determined — no efforts on his part should be wanting to promote a favorable termination to the undertaking.

On returning to camp the march was once more resumed; and at last our hero had the satisfaction of knowing that his nomadic life was at an end for a period. The cattle, although poor and weary, had on the whole made an excellent journey, and the deaths were by no means numerous. John's troubles, however, had only begun. He had calculated on securing the services of some of the men who had driven up the cattle in putting up huts, making a small yard, and in looking after the stock. This he found them ready enough to do, but at such an exorbitant

price, that no arrangement could be come to. They organized a small trades union of their own, and united in making demands which West felt, in justice to his partner, he could not accede to. He offered higher wages than were given by any one of the squatters whose stations they had passed. No; they would accept nothing less than what they demanded.

They were well aware that he was alone with his two black boys — for Desmard had announced his intention of going south. The two boys were not to be depended on, and might bolt home to their tribe the moment the thought entered their heads. Upwards of a thousand head of cattle had to be looked after on a new run in a country infested by wild blacks, the very smell of whom crossing the animals' feeding-ground might stampede them. The wet season was almost at hand, and a hundred little things had to be attended to, the neglect of which might result in serious loss, and danger to life. But they stuck to their decision, and rode off in a body, — for John had resolved to perish rather than to submit to their extortionate demands.

In this strait Desmard's manly, generous disposition showed itself. He flew from one to another, arguing, persuading, and upbraiding by turns, but in vain; and finally relinquishing his own intended journey, he made known to John his intention of sticking to him until the end of the wet season should bring fresh men in search of employment. It was useless that the departing drovers reminded him that a long stretch of unoccupied country lay between him and the nearest habitation, and that in their company he might traverse it in safety: he merely turned his back contemptuously on the speakers, muttering to himself —

"I — ah — would not be seen in — ah — the company of — ah — such a set of native dogs."

So they went away, and John grasped, with gratitude in his heart, the hand of the brave young fellow, whose faithful, honest help was, notwithstanding his inexperience, invaluable at such a time.

Not a moment could now be lost. Everything depended on themselves, for a large river and several wide creeks, which, in a short time, would be flowing deep and rapid, intervened between them and Byng's station. The cattle were turned loose on some fine grass in the space formed by the junction of two large creeks, and all hands set to work to build a bark hut. This had to be done during

the hours which could be spared from looking after the cattle. Each morning, by daylight, the horses were brought up, and all hands went round the farthest tracks made by the scattered herd.

Desmard was on these occasions always accompanied by one of the boys, for John feared that he might get bushed; but he himself, and the other boy, went separately.

The creatures were inclined, on the whole, to stay, and chose out two or three shady camps to which they nearly all resorted, as the sun became strong. On these camps it was their custom to lie until about four in the afternoon, when they would gradually draw off in all directions, feeding through the entire night. Many calved about this time, and such as did so usually "took" to the vicinity of the place where the calves were dropped. Some of the leaders, however, caused much anxiety and trouble, owing to their determination to make back to Cambarranga, and a strict look-out had to be kept that they did not get away unobserved. Day by day the cattle on the camps were gone through, and absent ones noted and searched for until found. In this duty the black boys were simply invaluable; and their interest in the work, and untiring skill in tracking, contributed chiefly to the success which attended the pioneers in keeping the herd together. No sooner did a mob of cattle make a start, than some one in going round the "outside tracks" was sure to discover the fact, and instant pursuit never failed to result in the return of the deserters. The horses gave less trouble, and contentedly stuck to a well-grassed flat near the camp.

The departure of his men gave John no time to seek a suitable situation for a head-station, and the approaching wet weather warned him to make hasty preparations against it. His tents had been destroyed by a fire which took place some time before, during his absence from the camp, owing to the carelessness of the cook in not burning the grass around his galley. The tarpaulin was needed for the stores, and he was therefore under the necessity of building a hut. Setting to work with Desmard, he soon had the frame up, while the boys endeavored to cut bark. This latter proved to be a peculiarly difficult job, owing to the season of the year. When the ground is full of moisture, the trees are also full of sap, and most kinds of bark come off easily; but in dry or frosty weather, when the sap is in the ground, the very opposite is

the case. The method of stripping bark is as follows. A straight-barrelled trunk is selected, and a ring cut round it near the ground, and another about six feet higher up. A long cut is then made perpendicularly, joining the two rings, and the edge of it is prised up with the tomahawk, until a grasp of the bark can be got with the hand. If inclined to come off, the whole sheet strips with a pleasant tearing sound, and is laid flat on the ground to dry, with a log as a weight above it. In two or three days the sheet becomes somewhat contracted in size, but lighter and tougher, and thoroughly impervious to moisture. It is used in many ways. It makes a capital roof, and for temporary walls of huts it is excellent. Bunks to sleep on, tables, etc., are improvised from it, and, on a new station, nothing is more useful.

Owing to the long dry season, the boys found bark-stripping exceedingly arduous work, and after exhausting all the artifices used by natives in the task, barely enough was secured to cover in the roof of the little hut. One gable-end was shut up by a portion of a partly-destroyed tent, the other by a couple of raw hides tied up across it. The walls were of saplings, stuck into the ground side by side, and confined against the wall-plate by another long, straight sapling. When finished, the little hut was certainly not much to look at, but the builders congratulated each other on having a roof of some sort over their heads; and in the not improbable event of an attack by blacks, it would prove a shelter in some degree. With this object in view, and to prevent their movements inside being detected through the interstices of the saplings by the sharp eyes of the prowling savages, all the spare bags and pieces of old blanketing which could be procured were fastened around the walls.

They had barely completed this apology for a dwelling when the tropical rain commenced, apparently timing its arrival to a day. Down it poured, in one continuous deluge, for hours. It was almost invariably heralded by thunderstorms, and beginning in the afternoon, lasted till evening. This permitted them for a couple of weeks to make their usual grand tour around the cattle, but as the rains extended their period of duration, the ground became exceedingly boggy, and the cattle were, perforce, obliged to remain about the sound sandy country on which their instinct led them to select their camps.

During the short intervals of hot, steaming, fine weather, the pioneers would endeavor to go through the herd, but the undertaking was toilsome and severe. Plodding on foot through the heavy black soil, or soft, boggy country, from one hard sandy tract to another, — for in such places riding was out of the question, — they would lead the plunging, sweating horses along a few steps at a time. Water lay in great lagoons over the surface of the country, covered with flocks of duck and ibis. The grass grew rank and long, and sorely impeded their movements. It was, moreover, by no means a pleasant reflection that, should they, when thus singly toiling through these swampy bogs, drop across a party of aboriginals (than which nothing was more likely), certain death would ensue, bringing with it disaster upon the rest of the little party.

As it was utterly impossible to muster and make a count of the cattle, John was obliged to content himself with paying occasional visits to them; but notwithstanding that a marked improvement was visible in the condition of those he saw, the anxiety told heavily upon him.

Apart from the miseries of mosquitoes, sand-flies, and blight-flies, the little community passed their spare time pleasantly together; and Desmard manufactured a chessboard of a piece of bark, marking its squares with charcoal, and he and John fought many a good fight on it with their primitive-looking men. John also took much pains to instruct his friend in the art of cutting out and plaiting stock-whips from the salted hides, — an accomplishment which the latter picked up rapidly, besides acquiring much other practical knowledge; and he was afterwards accustomed to say, that the necessity for exertion brought about during his pioneering with John, and the self-reliance thus gained, had made a different man of him.

Game was on the whole scarce. Plain turkeys and ducks were numerous, but the kangaroos, etc., had been kept under by the aboriginals, whose old camps lay thick around the hut. It certainly surprised the white men that the natives never made their appearance openly. Sometimes Blucher or Gunpowder would detect their tracks in the neighborhood of the hut, but as yet they probably entertained a superstitious awe towards the owners of so many huge horned animals.

The rain continued to deluge the flat country about the little head-station, and

the creeks began to overflow their banks. The wet soaked up through the floor of their abode. The walls were covered with a green, slimy fur. Even the inside of the gun-barrels, cleaned the night before, took on this kind of rust. Percussion-caps and priming had to be renewed every day. Minor trials and discomforts were also not wanting. The close, damp weather, causing the flour to heat, bred in it innumerable weevils; and the supply of tea and sugar failing (much having been destroyed by wet), the party had to depend chiefly upon the everlasting salt junk, eked out with what they could shoot. At last fever began to make its unwelcome presence, and John, whose mind was most harassed, became the first victim. No proper medicine being at hand or procurable, he accordingly suffered much.

It was miserable at this time to look out of doors at night. Far and wide nothing could be seen in the bleak, clouded moonlight but water, through which the grass stalks reared their dismal heads in the most melancholy manner, and a dark mass of trees occupied the background. The croak, croak of the frogs was sometimes broken by the distant bellow of a beast as it called to its fellows.

The occupants of this little outpost of civilization were indeed isolated from all others. For countless miles to the north none of their race intervened between them and the Indian Ocean. To the west a still more dreary and still wider expanse of unknown territory ran. To the east, a *bêche-de-mer* station or two along the coast alone broke the otherwise inhospitable character of the shore. Southwards, for nearly three hundred miles, the blacks were still kept out like wild beasts; and their nearest neighbors, seventy miles away, were not in a much more enviable plight than themselves.

The incessant rains now caused the floods to increase, and gradually the back-water approached the little dwelling. The bullock-dray had sunk so deep in the soft soil that there was no hope of shifting it until fine weather came, and in any case the working bullocks could not have been mustered. Nearer and nearer rose the water. The country behind them for several miles was perfectly level. Rations were stowed away on the rafters, and preparations made to strengthen the little hut, when fortunately the waters subsided.

Day by day John's fever increased, and matters began to look very gloomy, when

a change in the weather took place. It became possible to move about, and the cattle were found to be all right. One or two men pushed their way out in search of employment, and were at once engaged. Medicine was procured, and John speedily improved as his spirits rose. The black boys, who had undergone suffering and privation in the most cheerful manner during the wet season, now revelled in sunshine, and their camp-fire at night resounded with hilarious laughter or never-ending *corroborrees*. The horses had grown fat, notwithstanding the attacks of their enemies the flies, and now kicked like Jeshurun when ridden. Numbers of young calves could also be seen in every mob of cattle, necessitating the erection of a branding-yard. Rations were borrowed, pending the arrival of supplies ordered previously, and soon neighbors began to settle around, and a travelling mob or two passed by. Desmond took his leave of John with much regret on both sides, their acquaintance having ripened into firm friendship, and started on his southern journey. A proper site for a head-station was decided on, and before long a small though comfortable little cottage sheltered our hero, while a small stock-yard and paddock afforded convenience in working the run.

About three months after the close of the wet weather, Stone arrived on his country, bringing with him upwards of ten thousand sheep. He was accompanied by Bessie, who could not be prevailed upon to stay behind. They travelled much in the same manner as did John with his cattle, but not having the same necessity for economy, they were provided with many little luxuries and conveniences, which rendered the journey more endurable.

The sheep camped in a body at night, and at daylight were divided roughly into mobs of about fifteen hundred, which were driven along the road by the shepherds. Much annoyance was sometimes caused by the unaccountable stupidity of a few of the drovers, who never failed to take the wrong road when such an opportunity presented itself. Others distinguished themselves by dropping mobs of sheep in the long grass, many animals being thus irretrievably lost. On the whole, however, the quietness which characterized the camp at night compensated for the labors of the day. Bessie's light-hearted gaiety and continual good-humor made all around her happy, and she bore the hardships of the first few months in

her new home most uncomplainingly. Much had to be effected. Yards and huts had to be built for the sheep and shepherds. A head-station had to be erected. Supplies were wanted, and had to be brought up, and a paddock was also necessary. Preparations for the various lambings were urgent, and arrangements for shearing had to be considered. It was no easy time. A scarcity of labor was constantly followed by a demand for increased wages. The positions of master and servant became often inverted, and the latter sometimes gratified his malice by taking his departure when his services were most required.

John had a busy time likewise. The facility of moving about offered to them by the fine weather induced his cattle to stray. Hunting-parties of aborigines crossed their feeding-grounds, causing some of the mobs to start and leave the run, and occasionally a few spears were thrown at the frightened animals.

John would willingly have paid several beasts yearly to the original possessors of his country, were it possible by such means to purchase their good will, for the damage done by a few blacks walking across their pasture can scarcely be appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the natural habits of cattle. Negotiations, however, would have been fruitless, and watchfulness was his only remedy. A single start sufficed to make the creatures alarmed and suspicious for weeks. Continually on the look-out for their enemies, they took fright and rushed for miles without stopping, on the occurrence of the slightest unaccustomed noise; and even the smell of Gunpowder or Blucher, when passing on horseback, was sufficient to cause a mob to raise their heads inquiringly.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SPECIAL ASSIZE UNDER LOUIS XIV.

We wonder how many of our readers would turn to a volume of law reports with the expectation of finding in it a lively picture of the times to which it referred. Despite the charm with which Mr. Froude has invested his history, we are firmly persuaded that the statutes at large are very sombre reading. Yet let no one, who lights by accident on Fléclier's "*Mémoires sur les Grand Jours tenus à Clermont*," be deterred from its perusal on learning that "*les Grand Jours*" is the

name applied to special assizes held at various dates by royal authority in the more distant provinces of France. Bishop Fléclier's narrative, composed in early life, is charming reading, spiced with gossip and piquant scandal, with prolix and, truth to say, occasionally prosaic love stories, with the quarrels of rival abbeesses and discordant convents, with the wicherics of sorcery and magic. Nor is the reflex of its time less accurate because his tone in speaking of the fair sex is not a little startling to modern ideas of a celibate priesthood. But the work is not merely a graphic picture of French provincial life in the seventeenth century, it also affords an insight into the misadministration of justice which was so deep a disgrace to the feudal *noblesse*, that its removal by royal despotism met with almost universal welcome.

Despite the severity with which Richelieu had suppressed the license of the great nobles, it was almost inevitable that excesses should occur during the foreign and domestic wars which desolated France for thirty years in the first half of the seventeenth century. The mischief was of course the greatest in those provinces which were most remote from the central government; and in Auvergne the general misrule and disorder had become intolerable, when Louis XIV. issued a commission dated August 31, 1665, conferring absolute powers, and embracing nearly every imaginable case for a special assize. The court, thus appointed, comprised sixteen councillors of the Parliament of Paris, with one of its presidents as chief justice; and it is characteristic of the mode in which justice was then manipulated that the selection of M. Potier, Seigneur de Novion, as president, occasioned no little comment, because he was distantly connected by marriage with the seneschal of Clermont, the Marquis de Pont du Château, one of the foremost and guiltiest of those who would be arraigned before his tribunal. Next to the president, M. de Caumartin, the king's *Maitre des Requêtes* and dispenser of the royal pardons, held a commanding influence in the proceedings of the court, which were directed by M. Denis Talon, the illustrious son of a more illustrious sire, who, as the attorney-general (*ad hoc*), was the leading counsel for the prosecution.

No sooner was the king's purpose known than a lively competition arose between the cities of Riom and Clermont for the honor of being selected as the

seat of the *Grand Jours*. This knotty point settled, the judges were welcomed on their arrival with the most elaborate ceremonial of a ceremonious age. The local archives retain ample records of the separate notabilities—*echevins, maires*, and consuls, in robes and carriages of state; *bourgeoisie* and nobles on horseback; cathedral canons, and episcopal officials, who, in graduated order of precedence, with punctilious minutiae of respect, and at prescribed intervals of space, first presented their addresses of welcome, and then swelled the judicial *cortège* on its public entry. The city had put on holiday attire. New paint and pavement beautified the streets and smoothed the journey along what Fléclier ungratefully calls the most detestable town in all France. So prolonged was the welcome that, although it was but three o'clock on a fine September afternoon when the first halt was made, a torchlight procession accompanied the bearers of the *vin d'honneur*, consisting of twelve dozen and nine bottles of the finest wine. Nor must we omit that the judges' ladies were duly complimented with half a dozen boxes of rich *confitures*. Next day, more ceremonial and visits of state, fresh airing of provincial learning and eloquence, solemn mass and episcopal benediction of the judges, and then the business of the assize commenced in good earnest.

Ample and authoritative as were the powers conferred by the Royal Commission, it was thought desirable to call in the aid of spiritual terrors. In the case of any special murder or incendiary fire it was not then unusual to issue an ecclesiastical "*Monitoire*," commanding the faithful, under pain of excommunication, to reveal what they knew about the matter; but so many crimes now called for detection and punishment, that a wider admonition was indispensable. Accordingly, my Lord Stephen Charles, Bishop of Clermont, put forth an exhaustive document to be read on three successive Sundays at morning service throughout his diocese. All those who had any cognizance of persons guilty of assassination, theft, pillage, rape, assault, and other crimes and misdemeanors; all who knew the place of their retreat, or where they had conveyed their papers and effects, or those who now harbored and concealed them, were enjoined to denounce them forthwith. The catalogue of misdeeds included in the "*Monitoire*" comprises many offences unknown to modern criminal procedure. Forged warrants for the

collection of royal and other taxes, enforced payment in specie and at exorbitant rates of duties only legally payable in kind or of services to be rendered in person, intimidation of legal officials of every grade in furtherance of extortion or in suppression of justice, illegal maintenance of prisons without acknowledged feudal rights, or of subterranean dungeons as well as detention of prisoners who were not under the custody of a resident and duly appointed gaoler; these may serve as samples of the monstrous tyranny and injustice widely practised in Auvergne about the time when the great struggle between Cavaliers and Roundheads was being waged in England. As the episcopal warning did not answer expectation, and as it was only minatory, and did not pronounce the disobedient to be, *ipso facto*, excommunicate, M. Talon demanded the sterner ceremony of its "fulmination." Hereupon at every church sentence of excommunication, with aggravation and reagravation, involving exclusion not only from public service, but even from private intercession, was proclaimed against the obstinate. A mournful knell from the belfry accompanied this anathema, which was uttered by the priest and his assistants, lighting tapers, and these, as the dread sentence ended, were extinguished and cast to the ground.

Whatever may have caused a dearth of informations, the panic amongst the country gentry was universal. All the provincial nobility fled, and Fléchier gives an amusing account of the terror inspired by the fear of being called to answer for their past misconduct. "Every gentleman," he says, "who remained, examined himself and recalled all the errors of his past life in order to make amends for them. A thousand conversions were wrought, not by divine grace, but by human justice, and were none the less profitable, because they were constrained. Those who had been the tyrants of the poor became their suppliants, and more restitutions were made than in the year of jubilee." These efforts were quickened by the apprehension of a member of the most powerful and guilty family in Auvergne, M. le Vicomte de la Mothe de Camillac. His arrest had been most cautiously planned and executed. The officer detached for this service with the provost and his guard of archers was forbidden to disclose his errand until the moment of its execution, so that he found immediate admittance, and M. de la

Mothe was thunderstruck when summoned to yield himself a prisoner. He had loudly blamed the obstinacy of some of his friends who neglected his advice to fly, but he had never entertained a suspicion of his own safety.

The charge against him was one of murder, under what was then considered extenuating circumstances. During the civil war he had been commissioned by the great Condé to raise some regiments of cavalry, and had handed over some six thousand francs of the sum entrusted to him for this purpose, to his friend, D'Orsonette, who would neither furnish the troops nor refund the money. Condé, naturally enough, reproached the vicomte, who thereupon left his service, full of rancor against D'Orsonette. The quarrel grew fiercer as time passed on, until on an evil day the disputants met, each accompanied by a body of servants. M. de la Mothe's party was the most numerous. D'Orsonette and one of his men were wounded, and his falconer was slain. The facts were incontrovertible. A striking example was deemed essential, and despite the entreaties of his family, and a short delay occasioned by an effort to traverse the jurisdiction of the court, the accused was sentenced to death and executed within a month from the commencement of the assize. It affords a significant illustration of the condition of Auvergne to note that the prosecutor in this case and all his witnesses were far more guilty than the prisoner. The prosecutor was accused by his own father of having murdered his own brother, of being a parricide in intention, and of a hundred other crimes. The next principal witness had been condemned for perjury, and was an acknowledged forger. The others were either outlaws or convicts at the galleys. Against M. de la Mothe no other crime was alleged, and he was generally regarded as the most innocent member of his family. Public opinion held that he suffered for having joined the losing side in the civil war, and for bearing a powerful and deeply-hated name.

The court was next engaged with several charges of witchcraft. The defendant in the first of these causes, a *président de l'élection de Brioude*, must have anticipated and rivalled the most astounding feats of modern spiritualism, since one of his valets asserted that by his cabalistic arts he could float in the air even at church before the whole congregation. The intendant, M. de Fortia, had captured and brought him from Aurillac with no

small difficulty through the mountain snows. On being questioned upon this crime of violating the laws of gravity the prisoner at first stormed like one bereft of his senses, but eventually asserted that he was not in a mood to explain himself just then; if they would refrain from pressing him until the morrow he promised to confess all his evil deeds. He was accordingly handed over to the custody of four keepers, from whom he contrived to escape, as well as to elude a hot pursuit maintained for three days. His evasion was considered as unquestionably diabolical. "Voilà," adds the chronicler, "comme le diable est de bonne foi et d'amitié pour ceux qui l'aiment, et comme il trompe même les intendans."

The *abbé's* facile pen turns the next indictment into a pastoral that might serve to inspire the genius of Virgil. A young shepherd and shepherdess, each of course endowed with singular personal attractions, fell in love with one another at first sight. Never was Celadon or Myrtille more winning, never was Astrea or Amarilla so fair. Hand in hand they gathered spring flowers or plucked fruits for one another in turn, or each quenched the other's thirst with pure water from the spring, made yet more delicious when quaffed from the palm of a lover's hand. At length it was determined that the church's blessing should crown their unsullied affection, and the enamored pair went in search of the *curé*. On their way they passed a small farm, held by a man of the very worst reputation. Before the farmhouse there was a pond with some ducks in it—the wicked farmer's only live stock—and the fair Stephanette's dog sprang into the water and killed two of them. The farmer came out in great wrath, and being aware of their purpose, so bewitched them at the very altar, that the magic spell, with quite inexpressible consequences, lay on them for six days. The *curé* discovered the cause of their trouble, and extorted an admission of his crime from the sorcerer, who confessed that the enchantment had been wrought by pronouncing thrice over a cleft wooden skewer, fastened to a peg of the same material, an incantation so horrible that Fléchier dared not repeat it. The charmed fetich was burned and the newly wedded pair set free. Neither the trial, conducted, as was most of the criminal procedure, with closed doors, nor the sentence is recorded, but the case *proves*, so we are assured, incontestably the reality of magic. Moreover, it is not testified

by Deuteronomy and Virgil, by the Salic law and Hincmar of Rheims?

It had been generally supposed that the *Grand Jours* were solely designed to put a stop to the oppression and to punish the violence of the nobles, and great was the astonishment when, at the instigation of M. Talon, a severe edict which at one stroke annihilated all their privileges was issued against the clergy. The indolence of the canons, the licentiousness of disorderly monasteries, many of which claimed exemption from episcopal control, the loose conduct of the nuns in the country districts had produced such widespread dissatisfaction that the public voice applauded this effort at a reformation. The measures adopted were prompt, stern, and practical. Judges were appointed to visit every benefice, to decide what repairs were necessary, and to enforce their completion. All superiors of monasteries founded within thirty years were to produce their patents of establishment with due verification within fifteen days on pain of suppression. All convents and other ecclesiastical communities were enjoined to hand in a list of the property they had acquired during the last ten years, with their letters of amortisation, under penalty of forfeiture. In compliance with the conditions of their order the canons were in future regularly to attend matins, high mass, and vespers daily, and were not to leave the choir until the services were over. Both secular and regular clergy were to be brought under the jurisdiction of the bishops. A year was allowed to such convents as had hitherto not kept their members confined within the convent walls, to immure them more closely, if they failed to do so within the prescribed period they were forbidden to receive any more novices. The laity were prohibited from appropriating tithes or obliging the *curés* to say mass at uncanonical hours. Religious communities of all kinds were to be so reduced in numbers that the society's income should afford its members a decent maintenance.

Great was the outcry of the ecclesiastics against this invasion of their rights. Even a provincial council, they said, would not have been so bold, and the commission was accused of exceeding its powers. Special indignation was excited by its disregard of papal bulls and exemptions, and the cry was raised that the judges were Jansenists and did not hold the doctrine of the pope's infallibility. The decree was issued on the 30th of

October, and as a general assembly of the clergy was then sitting in Paris, the Bishop of Clermont applied to it for advice; and it was eventually arranged that the clerics should attend in state at the Louvre on the 10th of December and present a written statement of their objections. The entire document is too long for insertion, but a few extracts may serve to convey an idea of the warmth with which M. Talon's edict was repelled. "The Church is so overwhelmed, sire, by the blow it has just received from the court of the *Grands Jours*, that it cannot delay a moment even to give itself time to think in what terms it should demand satisfaction from your Majesty. That court, with unheard-of and insupportable audacity has even enjoined the lieutenants-general of the bailliwicks to visit all the churches and to ascertain whether monastic discipline is properly observed and if the sacraments in the various parishes are duly administered. Your own piety, sire, will fill you with horror at this criminal attempt to wrest from us the direction of the sacraments, and you will not suffer your officials to prescribe maxims which are scarcely admitted even amongst heretics." After such protracted discussion as is inevitable when lawyers and ecclesiastics are in conflict, a royal ordinance forbade the judges to take any cognizance of the administration of the sacraments and confirmed in substance the remainder of the edict.

On the 7th of November the *curé* of St. Babel was condemned to death for a murder committed three years before. He was a man of dissolute character, who, besides other crimes, had corrupted the servant of an elderly lady, to whose dying bed he had been summoned. Perhaps nothing throughout all M. Fléchier's narrative — not even the violence of coarse and cruel men — jars more painfully upon the reader's feelings than the indelicate tone of heartless badinage in which he treats so shocking a subject. He finds in the awful juxtaposition of the sacred and the immoral only occasion for the play of superabundant and mocking antithesis. The crime for which the *curé* was tried originated in another act of immorality. It was believed that he had a mistress concealed in one of the out-buildings of his dwelling, and as a general murmur of suspicion ran through the village, a peasant watched his opportunity and turned the key upon the guilty pair. The *curé* dissembled his wrath for a time, but eventually waylaid his antagonist and

beat him to death. The murdered man was not alone when he was assailed, and his companion at once gave information to the magistrates; but the *curé*, who had the audacity to say mass the next day as usual, was not even put on his defence. His friends set up an *alibi* on his behalf, and on their evidence the charge was dismissed, and he would doubtless have continued to enjoy his benefice had not the *Grand Jours* been appointed. The bishop's official acquiesced in the sentence, although the *curé* persisted to the last in asserting his innocence, and there was reason afterwards to doubt whether the sacristan and not the priest himself was not the actual culprit.

An amusing, if not a very edifying, glimpse of convent life is afforded by the cause of the priory of St. Marsac, which came next before the court. Madame de Talleyrand, the aged prioress, weary of her cares and longing for repose, persuaded her niece, Mademoiselle de Chalais, reluctantly to leave the monastery of Montmartre and to join her at St. Marsac, where, after having served for a year as *sous prieure*, she was appointed prioress on her aunt's resignation. The sanction of the court of Rome was obtained and the terms agreed on between the parties, which secured *inter alia* a pension of six hundred livres to the elder lady. Naturally enough differences soon arose. Their old prioress could not but retain some of her authority. The new one could not brook any partition of her power. The sisters were divided into two opposite parties. Fléchier says — we scarce dare transcribe the odious imputation — that the gentler sex generally worship the rising sun, and that for this reason the majority sided with Mademoiselle de Chalais. The elder lady complained in no meek spirit and did not receive her pension with any greater regularity in consequence. Presently clauses, inserted without her knowledge in the deed of resignation, were produced by which the cost of her maintenance was to be deducted from her annuity; and hence fresh quarrels, carried to such a pitch that the old lady was forbidden the visitor's parlor and closely watched *à toutes les grilles*. In vain did the higher clergy of the diocese endeavor to smooth over the difficulty. The authority of the visitor was set at naught, and when the *Grands Jours* opened, the case was referred to them with no less than four parties to the suit: the two others being a *coterie* of the nuns and M. le Comte d'Albon, each of whom

claimed a right of appointing to the benefice. The discretion of M. Talon calmed the agitated breasts of the pious community, and it was finally arranged that Mademoiselle de Chalais should retain her office, and that her aunt should enjoy her pension in full. Rumor whispered that Madame de Talon, the advocate-general's mother, of whom more anon, had been won over by the politic deference of the younger claimant, and had exercised no little influence upon the verdict.

It is mournful amongst the ecclesiastical causes to find the claim of the Canons-Regular of St. Augustine to retain their dependants in Combrailles in such absolute personal slavery that they could not leave their homes without express permission, nor dispose of their property by will; their feudal lords being their heirs to the exclusion even of their nearest relations. Local prescriptive right and long usage could be alleged to enforce a servitude alien to the practice of the early Church, and to the spirit of Christianity, and which was the more galling because many of those who claimed exemption were free-born on the father's side. The pleadings present a strange medley of mediæval law and casuistic theology. M. Talon said the finest things conceivable about slavery and liberty, but all to no purpose; and it was not till a century later that personal slavery was abolished under Necker, throughout the French kingdom.

The gravity of the judges, as well as that of their historian must have been sorely tried by the plaint of M. Griffet—a physician at Bourbon—against one of the bathing men of that watering-place. Dissensions had arisen between the doctors and their subordinates, and a patient having fainted under the hands of an attendant, who had been signally unruly, the latter, instead of receiving meekly the severe reprimand administered to him, even replied that M. Griffet was “an ass of a doctor.” The whole medical faculty at Bourbon was scandalized, and the high misdemeanor was brought before the court of the *Grand Jours*. He was sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred francs, to beg pardon, and to be suspended from his office for six months; yet the irate doctor was by no means satisfied with this vindication of his dignity.

Acts of violence, too often ending in murder, were rife throughout Auvergne. The lawless spirit engendered by prolonged wars, both foreign and domestic, the prevalence of duelling, and the resort

to arms in settlement of every dispute, all contributed to such a result. We could fill our entire space with details of such crimes, many of which are of startling wantonness. Take the following as examples. A party of gentleman heated with wine is passing noisily through the street of a village on the *fête* day. An acquaintance of one of them looks out of a window, and some ribald “chaff” is exchanged. The strife of tongues waxes hotter by degrees, until the house is entered, and one of the combatants is run through the body by his assailant. On another occasion, after a carouse, the young bloods determine to provoke some quiet person to fight, the lot falls upon one of the most upright gentlemen of the province, and every provocation is forthwith employed to force him to a conflict. M. Fléchier observes that the interference of friends in a quarrel was often most disastrous to their own side. Under pretence of preventing a duel, a number of persons would quarter themselves in a country gentleman's house, and do him more damage than he would have suffered from the enemy. Officers of justice of every degree were alternately the tools and the victims of the general disorder. With what audacity might strove to overcome right at the very gates of the Louvre is singularly illustrated by the story of M. d'Espinchal. This gentleman—a model of polite scoundrelism—*beau comme un ange et méchant comme un diable*—waylaid one of his opponents (who had presented a petition against him to Louis XIV., and had been promised redress) *as he left the palace*, with a body of men dressed like royal officers, who hurried him off, and whose purpose would have been inexplicable if he had not recognized a servant of M. d'Espinchal amongst them. Imprisonment by *lettre de cachet* was then so common, and interference so hazardous, that the bystanders disregarded the poor man's cries, and it was by mere accident that he was set at liberty. This outrage was indeed the immediate cause of the *Grand Jours*; but its author, guilty of incredible brutality to his beautiful and innocent wife, of the shameless mutilation and murder of his page, and, as was believed, of one of his own sons, as well as of countless other crimes, escaped the clutches of M. Talon, and lived to complete a remarkable career.

We have already hinted at the influence wielded by Madame Talon over the decisions of the court, and no portion of

M. Fléchier's narrative is more vivid or amusing than his description of this energetic and strong-minded lady. Immediately on her arrival she set to work about the reformation of such matters as did not fall within the practice of the court. The charges for provisions, the capacity of weights and measures the relief of the poor, the care of the sick, and the conduct of the nuns, were all brought in turn under her stern authority. Malicious critics said, indeed, that she had better have remodelled her *coiffure*, which was of portentous size, in place of rearranging the hospital, and that her interference stifled instead of stimulating charity. We have strange pictures, too, of provincial society. How timid and awkward the country dames were as they crowded to the earlier receptions given in honor of the judges. How sadly coarse and indecorous as soon as the restraint of novelty was worn away. What must social intercourse have been when the momentary removal of the lights into a larger ball-room could at once elicit the orgies of a low *bal masqué*; when a slight disagreement amongst the ladies led to a combat of hair pulling and scratching; and when the favorite dance was the *bourrée d'Auvergne*—a measure apparently derived from the dance of the Bacchantes? Those to whom such a description may appear incredible should recall the manners of our own country-women a full century later, as portrayed by Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen.

The work accomplished by the court of the *Grand Jours* appears stupendous if it be estimated by the number of cases on which it gave judgment. More than twelve thousand causes had been referred to its decision, and it was of course physically impossible that all these should be determined in a session, which, though prolonged beyond its original term, lasted less than four months. Whatever indisposition to buckle to work had been displayed at the outset was abundantly compensated by the rapidity with which causes were cleared off the list at the close. Many were struck out by an order which removed all trials involving values below a certain amount to the ordinary tribunals. Others were referred to the different courts of law in the capital. Even then so great was the pressure of business, that on January 30th, 1666, the last day of the assizes, no less than fifty-three indictments were laid against contumacious criminals, who were summarily condemned in seventeen different de-

crees. Some half a dozen executions—Le Vicomte de la Mothe de Canillac being the only noble who was put to death—represent the entire vindication in the form of capital punishment exacted by this special assize for the offended majesty of the law. In striking contrast stands the list of judgments *de contumace*, which comprises the following items. Condemned to be hung, two hundred and seventy-three; to banishment for a term of years, ninety-six; to be beheaded, forty-four; to be broken alive on the wheel, thirty-two; to the galleys, twenty-eight; to be scourged as well as banished, three. It should be added that out of this total, two hundred and seventy-two were only in confirmation of sentences passed by other tribunals, and only two hundred and one resulted from the immediate action of the *Grand Jours*. The list of the expenses of the assize contains a curious item arising out of these judgments *de contumace*, viz., that of payment to the painter for the effigies of those who did not suffer in person. On a single day no less than thirty of these tableaux were exhibited and beheaded at the place of execution, where the headless portrait remained for twenty-four hours. It is said that more than one noble culprit was an amused spectator in disguise of his own decapitation, and M. Fléchier indulges in many characteristic pleasantries over so genial a subject.

Hardly less valuable than the authoritative condemnation pronounced, if not carried out, by the court of the *Grand Jours*, were the regulations it drew up for the future administration of justice in Auvergne. Their elementary character brings out into strong relief the urgent need for radical reforms. They enjoined, 1. That none but persons of integrity and ability should be appointed judges. 2. That the judges should be scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of their duties, and should perform them without fees in all criminal cases as well as in civil causes in which either party had to plead *in forma pauperis*. 3. That information should be given in every case of compromise between the judges or the feudal lords and the defendants in a suit. 4. That the judges should pass sentence in accordance with the full rigor of the penalties ordained by statute, and should not mitigate them under the pretext of obtaining the acquiescence of the guilty in the judgment pronounced against them. 5. It was forbidden in future to obtain the assent to their sentences of those who were

condemned to death or to the galleys. 6. Prisons were to be maintained strong, and in good condition, with a fixed gaoler and a register of prisoners. 7. Subsistence was to be provided for those in confinement, and a record of all trials was to be preserved at the court house. Another ordinance of no less importance to the laboring class prescribed the *corvée* or forced labor which might be exacted. The vague character of this imposition had long been the occasion of intolerable oppression and suffering.

It is not to be supposed that all these regulations were at once implicitly observed, or that the licentious habits of years were corrected in a day. The peasantry complained that the *Grand Jours* over, the old system of violence was renewed. The nobles, on the contrary, asserted that the laborers had all bought gloves, and refused any longer to work. Yet the effects of the special assize must not be undervalued; they were, if indirect, yet considerable and lasting. Besides the causes brought into court, large restitutions were made through fear of indictment. A salutary lesson had been given to evil-doers. The poorer classes learned that the law might be exerted in their behalf; the *noblesse*, that their rank would not necessarily ensure immunity from punishment. The king's writ had run, and the officers of justice, unsupported by an armed force, had penetrated to distant mountain recesses where they had hitherto been defied. At least, in comparison with past excesses, peace and order prevailed throughout Auvergne.

HENRY LEACH.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
IN MEMORIAM.

ON Thursday, July 15th, one of those whom we can least afford to lose in a world such as ours was buried at Brompton. The funeral was strictly private, no invitations having been issued or any notice given of time or place beyond a short announcement in the *Times*. But the group who gathered in the chapel and followed to the grave showed what a blank has been left by Tom Taylor's sudden death, and upon how many sides of our English life his bright and brave spirit had touched and left its mark.

Members of both Houses of Parliament, ambassadors, colleagues grown gray with honor in the public service, artists, liter-

ary men, and actors of all ranks — the successful, the struggling, and those for whom the strife had proved too hard — were all there to pay the last tribute of respect and gratitude to the man who had made the life of every one of them more full of light and hope.

For herein lay his main strength and attraction. He was very able in many ways, as scholar, poet, critic, dramatist; but we have had greater men than he in our generation in each one of these lines, and greater men are left amongst us. But where shall we turn for the man who will prove such a spring of pure, healthy, buoyant, and kindly fun for the next, as he has been to us for the last, thirty years?

To those of the mourners — and there were not a few — whose memories could carry them back over those thirty years, the most active and brightest period of his career must have come again very vividly, as it was lived a few hundred yards only from the place where they were met. Thistle Grove, Brompton, is now covered with squares and lines of villas, but was then a quiet district of orchard and nursery ground, bordering a quiet lane, with here and there a country-looking public house or private residence standing in its own garden. Amongst these was Eagle Lodge, so called from the figure of that bird over the door, to which he had migrated from the Temple, being now a married man. The house and its surroundings have been touched by a master hand in Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago."

Claude Mellot seems to have come into a fortune of late years, large enough at least for his few wants. He paints no longer, save when he chooses; and has taken a little old house in one of those back lanes of Brompton where islands of primeval nursery garden still remain undevoured by the advancing surges of the brick and mortar deluge. There he lives, happy in a green lawn and windows opening thereon, in three elms, a cork, an ilex and a mulberry, with a great standard pear, for flower and foliage the queen of all suburban trees. . . . Claude's house is arranged with his usual defiance of all conventionalities. Dining or drawing-room proper there is none. The large front room is the studio, where he and Sabina eat and drink as well as work and paint, and out of it opens a little room, the walls of which are all covered with gems of art (where the rogue finds money to buy them is a puzzle), that the eye can turn nowhere without taking in some new beauty, and wandering on from picture to statue, from portrait to landscape, dreaming and learning afresh after every glance.

So far the picture is true enough (except the probable cost of the works of art), but not so that of the master of the house, "lying on the lawn upon strange skins, playing with cats and dogs, and making love to his Sabina, deluding himself into the belief that he is doing something because he is writing a treatise 'On the Principles of Beauty.'" The strange skins on the lawn were indeed there, and the master lay on them and played with cats and one big, and not very good-tempered, dog, but only on Sundays and summer evenings. His everyday life was as unlike that of Claude Mellot as could be, for besides his office work, which was done most punctually and diligently, he had always a play on the stocks, and work for *Punch*, or the magazines, on hand. He was at his desk early every morning, often at five o'clock, for three hours' work before breakfast, after swallowing a cup of milk. And I believe it was this wealth of work of many kinds which gave such a zest to the recreation at Eagle Lodge on those summer evenings. Then, in play hours, if the company were at all sympathetic — and very little company came there which was not so — he would turn himself loose, and give the rein to those glorious and most genial high spirits, which thawed all reserves, timidities, and conventionalities, and transformed all present for the time being into a group of rollicking children at play, with our host as showman, stage manager, chief tumbler, leader of all the revels. In the power and faculty for excellent fooling, which ran through every mood, from the grotesque to the pathetic, but with no faintest taint of coarseness, or malice, or unkindliness, and of luring all kinds of people to join in it, no one in our day has come near him.

It was a faculty which had been kept much in restraint in early life, while he was fighting his way to independence through Glasgow and Cambridge, until he had gained the temporary haven of a Trinity fellowship. But his reputation as master of the revels had already begun to spread when he came to London in 1844 to read for the bar. So he was at once recruited by "the old stagers," who had just started on the "tumbling" career which has made the Canterbury week famous. With John Doe and Richard Roe, the Hon. S. Whitehead, the Chevalier Esrom, the Smith family, and the rest of that unique band, he helped to make the little country theatre, and the long room at the Fountain Inn, a sort of cen-

tral shrine of good wholesome English fun; pouring himself out in prologues, epilogues, play-bills, and squibs, many of which would well repay the zeal of any collector of good things who will hunt them up. It was for them that in 1846 he wrote the first piece which made his reputation as a dramatist, "To Parents and Guardians."

And one of them (a contemporary at Cambridge, now a grave metropolitan magistrate) became his chum in the Temple, in the chambers where Thackeray deposited his wig and gown under their charge, and wrote up his name with theirs over the door, in some vague expectation of possible professional benefits to accrue from that ceremony. The rooms were at 10, Crown Office Row, looking over the Temple Gardens, and approached by a staircase from the Row. They had also, as a double set, access to a back staircase leading into Hare Court. From which circumstance, and the jocose use which both Thackeray and he made of it, the rumor spread of the impecuniosity of the trio, and of the shifts and stratagems for the manipulation of clients and the defeat of duns, which the second staircase enabled them to perpetrate, with the aid of their boys (the heroes of the farce, "Our Clerks"). It may be said in passing, however, that there was not a shadow of foundation for such stories. No taint of Bohemia hung about him in this matter. He spent liberally what he earned, but nothing more.

The rooms were amongst the oldest in the inn, dating from the fire of London, but convenient enough, with the exception of one gloomy hole, christened by Tom "the hall of waistcoats," because in it stood the wardrobe in which his chum, a well-dressed man, kept the liberal supply of clothing which he had brought from Cambridge. In it also swung the hammock in which an occasional belated visitor slept, and the laundress deposited her baby when she came to clean the rooms or help cook. The block has been pulled down and rebuilt, but he has left a memorial of them in "The Templar's Tribute," part of which may well be repeated here.

They were fusty, they were musty, they were grimy, dull, and dim,
The paint scaled off the panelling, the stairs
were all untrim;
The flooring cracked, the windows gaped, the
door-posts stood awry,
The wind whipped round the corner with a
sad and wailing cry;

In a dingier set of chambers no man need
wish to stow
Than those, old friend, wherein we dined at
10, Crown Office Row.

But we were young if they were old ; we never
cared a pin,
So the windows kept the rain out and let the
sunshine in.

Our stout hearts mocked the crazy roofs, our
hopes bedecked the walls,
We were happy, we were hearty, strong to
meet what might befall :

Will sunnier hours be ever ours than those
which used to go

Gay to their end, my dear old friend, in 10,
Crown Office Row ?

Those scrambling, screaming dinners, where
all was frolic, fun,

From the eager clerks who rushed about, like
bullets from a gun,

To the sore-bewildered laundress, with Soyer's
shilling book

Thrust of a sudden in her hands, and straight-
way bade to cook.

What silver laughs, what silver songs from
those old walls would flow,

Could they give out all they drank in at 10,
Crown Office Row !

You too have found a loving mate ; ah, well,
'twas time to go ;

No wives we had — the one thing bad, — in
10, Crown Office Row.

Good-bye old rooms, where we chummed
years, without a single fight.

Far statelier sets of chambers will arise upon
your site,

More airy bedrooms, wider panes, our followers
will see,

And wealthier, wiser tenants, the Bench may
find than we ;

But lighter hearts, or truer, I'll defy the town
to show

Than yours, old friend, and his who penned
this, 10, Crown Office Row.

Of the many groups, artistic and literary, theatrical and social, in which our old friend took a leading hand — of which indeed he was the life and soul — perhaps the best-known and most permanently successful was that of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, at the delightful humor of whose truly British tour England was laughing in the bad times more than thirty years ago. Their names have become proverbial, and (if they are of the old stock) our grandchildren will still be laughing at and with them in the bad times thirty years hence. One of that group of friends only is left, Richard Doyle ; and, sad to say, sore illness kept him from the gathering, though his home

is not a quarter of a mile from the cemetery.

One other of these groups only can be referred to here, that of 1856, when he joined Charles Kingsley and the writer in an expedition to Snowdonia, which has become famous in a small way since the publication of Kingsley's life. If ever there was a week fitted to try man's temper and resources that was the one. Most of it was spent by us on the mountain sides, and by loch and river, in white mist, varied by "a rain of marbles and minié-bullets — a rain which searches, and drenches, and drills," as the parson described it. One day, indeed, was so bad that we could not get out, and spent the time, mostly in the kitchen, chatting with Henry Owen and his wife, and trying our hands on amusing and teaching his wild little Welsh children ; in both which occupations, though Kingsley justly prided himself on his success in such business, Tom bore easily away the palm, and by dinner-time had made the whole flock perfectly unmanageable and charming. I am not sure that Charles Kingsley was not slightly piqued by their devotion to their new romp in spectacles, who chattered to them in wonderful gibberish and made fun of their copy-books. But how we should have got through and carried away, as we did, a delightful memory of the outing, without his wonderful companionship, I do not care to think. His work as an artist is, I believe, of no repute in expert circles, but some of the sketches which he brought back in his portfolio, blurred as they are by great raindrops, recall to me the forms and coloring of the Snowdon group with a freshness which makes me sure there must be real power and merit in them somewhere. It was he who suggested on the last night, with his usual kindly thought, that we might do the Owens a good turn by writing some doggerel verses in their guest-book ; he who kept us up to the work till we had finished it, and added an extra stanza of his own to bring in his genial pun on our host's name —

With host and hostess, fare and bill, so pleased
we are, that, going,
We feel for all their kindness 'tis we, not they,
are Owen !

But it would be unfair and utterly misleading to leave readers under the impression that high jinks were the main interest and occupation of his leisure. Few men were more interested in politics and social questions. His activity in the former

was of course limited by his employment under the crown, but when he felt the matter to be of sufficient moment he was always ready to come forward and take open ground for what he held to be the right. Though no party man, he was a strong and steady Liberal, and in social matters a Radical reformer, never afraid of new truth, and prompt to help struggling causes with pen and purse if once convinced of their worthiness. His memorial lines on Abraham Lincoln in *Punch* may perhaps be cited as a specimen of his best thought and manner on great subjects. What other of the gifted band who then formed the staff of that journal could have made that manly and touching amende with equal dignity and frankness?

Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet

The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is their room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

Thoughts of this kind must have passed through the minds of many, beside the writer, of those who followed the hearse bare-headed from the chapel to the grave, almost at the other end of the cemetery. The long procession of personal friends walked two and two, and formed round the grave while the last prayers were read. At the end there was a short pause. One or two friends looked down on the bed of lovely white lilies, which made the coffin invisible, and fell back. Then one after another the group bent over the open grave and went their several ways in silence—those who had beaten the world, those whom the world had beaten, those for whom the struggle is still doubtful—peers, ambassadors, and right-honorables, artists, authors, and actors, never to meet again in this world; strangers to each other an hour before, strangers to each other still, with this only in common that here was a soul gone from amongst them true enough and deep enough to be in true touch with each and all. Henceforth there is one more sacred spot, for many of us, which seems to say—

Come hither in thine hour of strength,
Come, weak as is a breaking wave,
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave.

THOS. HUGHES.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE PAVILION ON THE LINKS.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

TELLS HOW I CAMPED IN GRADEN SEA-
WOOD, AND BEHELD A LIGHT IN THE
PAVILION.

I BELIEVE it is now more than time, my dear and dutiful children, that I was setting my *mémoires* in order before I go hence. For six months I have been reminded day by day of human frailty; I must take the hint before it is too late, and leave you the story for which you have so often asked. This is a long-kept secret that I have now to disclose; and, to all but our own nearest people, I hope it will remain one forever. It is told to you, my dear children, in confidence; you will see why this is so as you read; and, as I hope, that is not by many the only discovery you will make or lesson you will learn. For it should teach in our family a spirit of great charity to the unfortunate and all those who are externally dishonored. For my part, it is with pleasure and sorrow that I set myself to tell you how I met the dear angel of my life. That will always be a touching event in my eyes; for if I am anything worth, or have been anything of a good father, it is due to the influence of your mother and the love and duty that I bore her, which were not only delightful to me in themselves, but strengthened and directed my conduct in other affairs. Many praise and regret their youth or their childhood, and recall the time of their courtship as if it were the beginning of the end; but my case is different, and I neither respected myself nor greatly cared for my existence until then. Yet, as you are to hear, this certainly was in itself a very stormy period, and your mother and I had many pressing and dreadful thoughts. Indeed the circumstances were so unusual in character that they have not often been surpassed, or, at least, not often in our age and country; and we began to love in the midst of continual alarms.

I was a great solitary when I was young. I made it my pride to keep aloof and suffice for my own entertainment; and I may say that I had neither friends nor acquaintances until I met that friend who became my wife and the mother of my children. With one man only was I on private terms; this was R. Northmour, Esquire, of Graden Easter, in Scotland.

We had met at college; and though there was not much liking between us, nor even much intimacy, we were so nearly of a humor that we could associate with ease to both. Misanthropes, we believed ourselves to be; but I have thought since that we were only sulky fellows. It was scarcely a companionship, but a coexistence in unsociability. Northmour's exceptional violence of temper made it no easy affair for him to keep the peace with any one but me; and as he respected my silent ways, and let me come and go as I pleased, I could tolerate his presence without concern. I think we called each other friends.

When Northmour took his degree and I decided to leave the university without one, he invited me on a long visit to Graden Easter; and it was thus that I first became acquainted with the scene of my adventures. The mansion house of Graden stood in a bleak stretch of country some three miles from the shore of the German ocean. It was as large as a barrack; and as it had been built of a soft stone, liable to consume in the eager air of the sea-side, it was damp and draughty within and half ruinous without. It was impossible for two young men to lodge with comfort in such a dwelling. But there stood in the northern court of the estate, in a wilderness of links and blowing sand-hills, and between a plantation and a sea, the small pavilion or Belvidera, of modern design, which was exactly suited to our wants; and in this hermitage, speaking little, reading much, and rarely associating except at meals, Northmour and I spent four tempestuous winter months. I might have stayed longer; but there sprang up a dispute between us, one March night, which rendered my departure necessary. Northmour spoke hotly, I remember, and I suppose I must have made some tart rejoinder. He leaped from his chair and grappled me; I had to fight, without exaggeration, for my life; and it was only with a great effort that I mastered him, for he was near as strong in body as myself, and seemed filled with the devil. The next morning, we met on our usual terms; but I judged it more delicate to withdraw; nor did he attempt to dissuade me.

It was nine years before I revisited the neighborhood. I travelled at that time with a tilt cart, a tent, and a cooking-stove, tramping all day beside the wagon, and at night, whenever it was possible, gipsying in a cove of the hills, or by the side of a wood. I believe I visited in

this manner most of the wild and desolate regions both in England and Scotland; and, as I had neither friends nor relations, I was troubled with no correspondence, and had nothing in the nature of headquarters, unless it was the office of my solicitors, from whom I drew my income twice a year. It was a life in which I delighted; and I fully thought to have grown old upon the march, and at last died in a ditch. So I suppose I should, if I had not met your mother.

It was my whole business to find desolate corners where I could camp without the fear of interruption; and hence, being in another part of the same shire, I thought me suddenly of the Pavilion on the Links. No thoroughfare passed within three miles of it. The nearest town, and that was but a fisher village, was at a distance of six or seven. For ten miles of length, and from a depth varying from three miles to half a mile, this belt of barren country lay along the sea. The beach, which was the natural approach, was full of quicksands. Indeed I may say there is hardly a better place of concealment in the United Kingdom. I determined to pass a week in the Sea-Wood of Graden Easter, and, making a long stage, reached it about sundown on a wild September day.

The country, I have said, was mixed sand-hill and links; *links* being a Scottish name for sand which has ceased drifting and become more or less solidly covered with turf. The pavilion stood on an even space; a little behind it, the wood began in a hedge of elders huddled together by the wind; in front, a few tumbled sand-hills stood between it and the sea. An outcropping of rock had formed a bastion for the sand, so that there was here a promontory in the coast-line between two shallow bays; and just beyond the tides, the rock again cropped out and formed an islet of small dimensions but strikingly designed. The quicksands were of great extent at low water, and had an infamous reputation in the country. Close in shore, between the islet and the promontory, it was said they would swallow a man in four minutes and a half; but there may have been little ground for this precision. The district was alive with rabbits, and haunted by gulls which made a continual piping about the pavilion. On summer days the outlook was bright and even gladsome; but at sundown in September, with a high wind, and a heavy surf rolling in close along the links, the place told of nothing

but dead mariners and sea disaster. A ship beating to windward on the horizon, and a huge truncheon of wreck half buried in the sands at my feet, completed the innuendo of the scene.

The pavilion—it had been built by the last proprietor, Northmour's uncle, a silly and prodigal virtuoso—presented little signs of age. It was two stories in height, Italian in design, surrounded by a patch of garden in which nothing had prospered but a few coarse flowers; and looked, with its shuttered windows, not like a house that had been deserted, but like one that had never been tenanted by man. Northmour was plainly from home; whether, as usual, sulking in the cabin of his yacht, or in one of his fitful and extravagant appearances in the world of society, I had, of course, no means of guessing. The place had an air of solitude that daunted even a solitary like myself; the wind cried in the chimneys with a strange and wailing note; and it was with a sense of escape, as if I were going indoors, that I turned away and, driving my cart before me, entered the skirts of the wood.

The Sea-Wood of Graden had been planted to shelter the cultivated fields behind, and check the encroachments of the blowing sand. As you advanced into it from coastward, elders were succeeded by other hardy shrubs; but the timber was all stunted and bushy; it led a life of conflict; the trees were accustomed to swing there all night long in fierce, winter tempests; and even in early spring, the leaves were already flying, and autumn was beginning, in this exposed plantation. Inland the ground rose into a little hill, which, along the islet, served as a sailing mark for seamen. When the hill was open of the islet to the north, vessels must bear well to the eastward to clear Graden Ness and the Graden Bullers. In the lower ground, a streamlet ran among the trees, and, being dammed with dead leaves and clay of its own carrying, spread out every here and there, and lay in stagnant pools. One or two ruined cottages were dotted about the wood; and, according to Northmour, these were ecclesiastical foundations, and in their time had sheltered pious hermits.

I found a den, or small hollow, where there was a spring of pure water; and then, clearing away the brambles, I pitched the tent, and made a fire to cook my supper. My horse I picketed further in the wood where there was a patch of sward. The banks of the den not only concealed

the light of my fire, but sheltered me from the wind, which was cold as well as high.

The life I was leading made me both hardy and frugal. I never drank but water, and rarely ate anything more costly than oatmeal; and I required so little sleep, that, although I rose with the peep of day, I would often lie long awake in the dark or starry watches of the night. Thus in Graden Sea-Wood, although I fell thankfully asleep by eight in the evening, I was awake again before eleven with a full possession of my faculties, and no sense of drowsiness or fatigue. I rose and sat by the fire, watching the trees and clouds tumultuously tossing and fleeing overhead, and hearkening to the wind and the rollers along the shore; till at length, growing weary of inaction, I quitted the den, and strolled towards the borders of the wood. A young moon, buried in mist, gave a faint illumination to my steps; and the light grew brighter as I walked forth into the links. At the same moment, the wind, smelling salt of the open ocean and carrying particles of sand, struck me with its full force, so that I had to bow my head.

When I raised it again to look about me, I was aware of a light in the pavilion. It was not stationary; but passed from one window to another, as though some one were reviewing the different apartments with a lamp or candle. I watched it for some seconds in great surprise. When I had arrived in the afternoon the house had been plainly deserted; now it was as plainly occupied. It was my first idea that a gang of thieves might have broken in and be now ransacking Northmour's cupboards, which were many and not ill supplied. But what should bring thieves to Graden Easter? And, again, all the shutters had been thrown open, and it would have been more in the character of such gentry to close them. I dismissed the notion, and fell back upon another. Northmour himself must have arrived, and was now airing and inspecting the pavilion.

I have said that there was no real affection between this man and me; but, had I loved him like a brother, I was then so much more in love with solitude that I should none the less have shunned his company. As it was, I turned and ran for it; and it was with genuine satisfaction that I found myself safely back beside the fire. I had escaped an acquaintance; I should have one more night in comfort. In the morning, I might either

slip away before Northmour was abroad, or pay him as short a visit as I chose.

But when morning came, I thought the situation so diverting that I forgot my shyness. Northmour was at my mercy; I arranged a good practical jest, though I knew well that my neighbor was not the man to jest with in security; and, chuckling beforehand over its success, took my place among the elders at the edge of the wood, whence I could command the door of the pavilion. The shutters were all once more closed, which I remember thinking odd; and the house, with its white walls and green venetians, looked spruce and habitable in the morning light. Hour after hour passed, and still no sign of Northmour. I knew him for a slug-gard in the morning; but, as it drew on towards noon, I lost my patience. To say truth, I had promised myself to break my fast in the pavilion, and hunger began to prick me sharply. It was a pity to let the opportunity go by without some cause for mirth; but the grosser appetite prevailed, and I relinquished my jest with regret, and sallied from the wood.

The appearance of the house affected me, as I drew near, with disquietude. It seemed unchanged since last evening; and I had expected it, I scarce knew why, to wear some external signs of habitation. But no: the windows were all closely shuttered, the chimneys breathed no smoke, and the front door itself was closely padlocked. Northmour, therefore, had entered by the back; this was the natural and, indeed, the necessary conclusion; and you may judge of my surprise when, on turning the house, I found the back door similarly secured.

My mind at once reverted to the original theory of thieves; and I blamed myself sharply for my last night's inaction. I examined all the windows on the lower story, but none of them had been tampered with; I tried the padlocks, but they were both secure. It thus became a problem how the thieves, if thieves they were, had managed to enter the house. They must have got, I reasoned, upon the roof of the outhouse where Northmour used to keep his photographic battery; and from thence, either by the window of the study or that of my old bedroom, completed their burglarious entry.

I followed what I supposed was their example; and, getting on the roof, tried the shutters of each room. Both were secure; but I was not to be beaten; and, with a little force, one of them flew open, grazing, as it did so, the back of my hand.

I remember, I put the wound to my mouth, and stood for perhaps half a minute licking it like a dog, and mechanically gazing behind me over the waste links and the sea; and, in that space of time, my eye made note of a large schooner yacht some miles to the north-east. Then I threw up the window and climbed in.

I went over the house, and nothing can express my mystification. There was no sign of disorder, but, on the contrary, the rooms were unusually clean and pleasant. I found fires laid, ready for lighting; three bedrooms prepared with a luxury quite foreign to Northmour's habits, and with water in the ewers and the beds turned down; a table set for three in the dining-room; and an ample supply of cold meats, game, and vegetables on the pantry shelves. There were guests expected, that was plain; but why guests, when Northmour hated society? And, above all, why was the house thus stealthily prepared at dead of night? and why were the shutters closed and the doors padlocked?

I effaced all traces of my visit, and came forth from the window feeling sobered and concerned.

The schooner yacht was still in the same place; and it flashed for a moment through my mind that this might be the "Red Earl" bringing the owner of the pavilion and his guests. But the vessel's head was set the other way.

CHAPTER II.

TELLS OF THE NOCTURNAL LANDING FROM THE YACHT.

I RETURNED to the den to cook myself a meal, of which I stood in great need, as well as to care for my horse, whom I had somewhat neglected in the morning. From time to time, I went down to the edge of the wood; but there was no change in the pavilion, and not a human creature was seen all day upon the links. The schooner in the offing was the one touch of life within my range of vision. She, apparently with no set object, stood off and on or lay to, hour after hour; but as the evening deepened, she drew steadily nearer. I became more convinced that she carried Northmour and his friends, and that they would probably come ashore after dark; not only because that was of a piece with the secrecy of the preparations, but because the tide would not have flowed sufficiently before eleven to cover Graden Floe and the other sea quays that fortified the shore against invaders,

All day the wind had been going down, and the sea along with it; but there was a return towards sunset of the heavy weather of the day before. The night set in pitch dark. The wind came off the sea in squalls, like the firing of a battery of cannon; now and then, there was a flow of rain, and the surf rolled heavier with the rising tide. I was down at my observatory among the elders, when a light was run up to the masthead of the schooner, and showed she was closer in than when I had last seen her by the dying daylight. I concluded that this must be a signal to Northmour's associates on shore; and, stepping forth into the links, looked around me for something in response.

A small footpath ran along the margin of the wood, and formed the most direct communication between the pavilion and the mansion-house; and, as I cast my eyes to that side, I saw a spark of light, not a quarter of a mile away, and rapidly approaching. From its uneven course it appeared to be the light of a lantern carried by a person who followed the windings of the path, and was often staggered and taken aback by the more violent squalls. I concealed myself once more among the elders, and waited eagerly for the new comer's advance. It proved to be a woman; and, as she passed within half a rod of my ambush, I was able to recognize the features. The deaf and silent old dame, who had nursed Northmour in his childhood, was his associate in this underhand affair.

I followed her at a little distance, taking advantage of the innumerable heights and hollows, concealed by the darkness, and favored not only by the nurse's deafness, but by the uproar of the wind and surf. She entered the pavilion, and, going at once to the upper story, opened and set a light in one of the windows that looked towards the sea. Immediately afterwards the light at the schooner's masthead was run down and extinguished. Its purpose had been attained, and those on board were sure that they were expected. The old woman resumed her preparations; although the other shutters remained closed, I could see a glimmer going to and fro about the house; and a gush of sparks from one chimney after another soon told me that the fires were being kindled.

Northmour and his guests, I was now persuaded, would come ashore as soon as there was water on the floe. It was a wild night for boat service; and I felt

some alarm mingle with my curiosity as I reflected on the danger of the landing. My old acquaintance, it was true, was the most eccentric of men; but the present eccentricity was both disquieting and lugubrious to consider. A variety of feelings thus led me towards the beach, where I lay flat on my face in a hollow within six feet of the track that led to the pavilion. Thence, I should have the satisfaction of recognizing the arrivals, and, if they should prove to be acquaintances, greeting them as soon as they had landed.

Some time before eleven, while the tide was still dangerously low, a boat's lantern appeared close in shore; and, my attention being thus awakened, I could perceive another still far to seaward, violently tossed, and sometimes hidden by the billows. The weather, which was getting dirtier as the night went on, and the perilous situation of the yacht upon a lee-shore, had probably driven them to attempt a landing at the earliest possible moment.

A little afterwards, four yachtsmen carrying a very heavy chest, and guided by a fifth with a lantern, passed close in front of me as I lay, and were admitted to the pavilion by the nurse. They returned to the beach, and passed me a third time with another chest, larger but apparently not so heavy as the first. A third time they made the transit; and on this occasion one of the yachtsmen carried a leather portmanteau, and the others a lady's trunk, a reticule, and a pair of bandboxes. My curiosity was sharply excited. If a woman were among the guests of Northmour, it would show a change in his habits and an apostasy from his pet theories of life, well calculated to fill me with surprise. When he and I dwelt there together, the pavilion had been a temple of misogyny. And now, one of the detested sex was to be installed under its roof. I remembered one or two particulars, a few notes of daintiness and almost of coquetry which had struck me the day before as I surveyed the preparations in the house; their purpose was now clear, and I thought myself dull not to have perceived it from the first.

While I was thus reflecting, a second lantern drew near me from the beach. It was carried by a yachtsman whom I had not yet seen, and who was conducting two other persons to the pavilion. These two persons were unquestionably the guests for whom the house was made

ready; and, straining eye and ear, I set myself to watch them as they passed. One was an unusually tall man, in a travelling-hat slouched over his eyes, and a highland cape closely buttoned and turned up so as to conceal his face. You could make out no more of him than that he was, as I have said, unusually tall, and walked feebly with a heavy stoop. By his side, and either clinging to him or giving him support — I could not make out which — was a young, tall, and slender figure of a woman. She was extremely pale; but in the light of the lantern her face was so marred by strong and changing shadows, that she might equally well have been as ugly as sin or as beautiful as — well, my dear children, as I afterwards found her to be. For this, as you will already have divined, was no one but your dear mother in person.

When they were just abreast of me, the girl made some remark which was drowned by the noise of the wind.

"Hush!" said her companion; and there was something in the tone with which the word was uttered that thrilled and rather shook my spirits. It seemed to breathe from a bosom laboring under the deadliest terror; I have never heard another syllable so expressive; and I still hear it again when I am feverish at night and my mind runs upon old times. The man turned towards the girl as he spoke; I had a glimpse of much red beard and a nose which seemed to have been broken in youth; and his light eyes seemed shining in his face with some strong and unpleasant emotion.

But these two passed on and were admitted in their turn to the pavilion.

One by one, or in groups, the seamen returned to the beach. The wind brought me the sound of a rough voice crying, "Shove off!" Then, after a pause, another lantern drew near. It was Northmour alone.

Your mother and I, a man and a woman, have often agreed to wonder how a person could be, at the same time, so handsome and so repulsive as Northmour. He had the appearance of a finished gentleman; his face bore every mark of intelligence and courage; but you had only to look at him, even in his most amiable moment, to see that he had the temper of a slaver captain. I never knew a character that was both explosive and revengeful to the same degree; he combined the vivacity of the south with the sustained and deadly hatreds of the north; and both

traits were plainly written on his face, which was a sort of danger signal. In person, he was tall, strong, and active; his hair and complexion very dark; his features handsomely designed, but spoiled by a menacing expression.

At that moment he was somewhat paler than by nature; he wore a heavy frown; and his lips worked, and he looked sharply round him as he walked, like a man besieged with apprehensions. And yet I thought he had a look of triumph underlying all, as though he had already done much, and was near the end of an achievement.

Partly from a scruple of delicacy — which I dare say came too late — partly from the pleasure of startling an acquaintance, I desired to make my presence known to him without delay.

I got suddenly to my feet, and stepped forward.

"Northmour!" said I.

I have never had so shocking a surprise in all my days. He leaped on me without a word; something shone in his hand; and he struck for my heart with a dagger. At the same moment I knocked him head over heels. Whether it was my quickness, or his own uncertainty, I know not; but the blade only grazed my shoulder, while the hilt and his fist struck me violently on the mouth. I lost the eye-tooth on the left-hand side; for the one with which you are accustomed to see me is artificial, and was only put there, at your mother's request, after we had been man and wife for a few months.

I fled, but not far. I had often and often observed the capabilities of the sand-hills for protracted ambush or stealthy advances and retreats; and, not ten yards from the scene of the scuffle, plumped down again upon the grass. The lantern had fallen and gone out. But what was my astonishment to see Northmour slip at a bound into the pavilion, and hear him bar the door behind him with a clang of iron!

He had not pursued me. He had run away. Northmour, whom I knew for the most implacable and daring of men, had run away! I could scarce believe my reason; and yet in this strange business, where all was incredible, there was nothing to make a work about in an incredibility more or less. For why was the pavilion secretly prepared? Why had Northmour landed with his guests at dead of night, in half a gale of wind, and with the foe scarce covered? Why had he sought to kill me? Had he not recognized my voice? I wondered. And,

above all, how had he come to have a dagger ready in his hand? A dagger, or even a sharp knife, seemed out of keeping with the age in which we lived; and a gentleman landing from his yacht on the shore of his own estate, even although it was night and with some mysterious circumstances, does not usually, as a matter of fact, walk thus prepared for deadly onslaught. The more I reflected, the further I felt at sea. I recapitulated the elements of mystery, counting them on my fingers: the pavilion secretly prepared for guests; the guests landed at the risk of their lives and to the imminent peril of the yacht; the guests, or at least one of them, in undisguised and seemingly causeless terror; Northmour with a naked weapon; Northmour stabbing his most intimate acquaintance at a word; last, and not least strange, Northmour fleeing from the man whom he had sought to murder, and barricading himself, like a hunted creature, behind the door of the pavilion. Here were at least six separate causes for extreme surprise; each part and parcel with the others, and forming all together one consistent story. I felt almost ashamed to believe my own senses.

As I thus stood, transfixed with wonder, I began to grow painfully conscious of the injuries I had received in the scuffle; skulked round among the sand-hills, and, by a devious path, regained the shelter of the wood. On the way, the old nurse passed again within several yards of me, still carrying her lantern, on the return journey to the mansion-house of Graden. This made a seventh suspicious feature in the case. Northmour and his guests, it appeared, were to cook and do the cleaning for themselves, while the old woman continued to inhabit the big empty barrack among the policies. There must surely be great cause for secrecy, when so many inconveniences were confronted to preserve it.

So thinking, I made my way to the den. For greater security, I trod out the embers of the fire, and lit my lantern to examine the wound upon my shoulder. It was a trifling hurt, although it bled somewhat freely, and I dressed it as well as I could (for its position made it difficult to reach) with some rag and cold water from the spring. While I was thus busied, I mentally declared war against Northmour and his mystery. I am not an angry man by nature, and I believe there was more curiosity than resentment in my heart. But war I certainly declared; and, by way of preparation, I got out my revolver, and,

having drawn the charges, cleaned and reloaded it with scrupulous care. Next I became preoccupied about my horse. It might break loose, or fall to neighing, and so betray my camp in the Sea-Wood. I determined to rid myself of its neighborhood; and long before dawn I was leading it over the links in the direction of the fisher village.

CHAPTER III.

TELLS HOW I BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH MY WIFE.

FOR two days I skulked round the pavilion, profiting by the uneven surface of the links. I became an adept in the necessary tactics. These low hillocks and shallow dells, running one into another, became a kind of cloak of darkness for my enthralling, but perhaps dishonorable, pursuit. Yet, in spite of this advantage, I could learn but little of Northmour or his guests.

Fresh provisions were brought under cover of darkness by the old woman from the mansion-house. Northmour and the young lady, sometimes together, but more often singly, would walk for an hour or two at a time on the beach beside the quicksands. I could not but conclude that this promenade was chosen with an eye to secrecy; for the spot was open only to the seaward. But it suited me not less excellently; the highest and most accidented of the sand-hills immediately adjoined; and from these, lying flat in a hollow, I could overlook Northmour or the young lady as they walked.

The tall man seemed to have disappeared. Not only did he never cross the threshold, but he never so much as showed face at a window; or, at least, not so far as I could see; for I dared not creep forward beyond a certain distance in the day, since the upper floor commanded the bottoms of the links; and at night, when I could venture further, the lower windows were barricaded as if to stand a siege. Sometimes I thought the tall man must be confined to bed, for I remembered the feebleness of his gait; and sometimes I thought he must have gone clear away, and that Northmour and the young lady remained alone together in the pavilion. The idea, even then, displeased me.

Whether or not this pair were man and wife, I had seen abundant reason to doubt the friendliness of their relation. Although I could hear nothing of what they said, and rarely so much as glean a

decided expression on the face of either, there was a distance, almost a stiffness, in their bearing which showed them to be either unfamiliar or at enmity. The girl walked faster when she was with Northmour than when she was alone; and I conceived that any inclination between a man and a woman would rather delay than accelerate the step. Moreover, she kept a good yard free of him, and trailed her umbrella, as if it were a barrier, on the side between them. Northmour kept sideling closer; and, as the girl retired from his advance, their course lay at a sort of diagonal across the beach, and would have landed them in the surf had it been long enough continued. But, when this was imminent, the girl would unostentatiously change sides and put Northmour between her and the sea. I watched these manœuvres, for my part, with high enjoyment and approval, and chuckled to myself at every move.

On the morning of the third day, she walked alone for some time, and I perceived, to my great concern, that she was more than once in tears. You will see, my dear children, that my heart was already interested in that lady. She had a firm yet airy motion of the body, and carried her head with unimaginable grace; every step was a thing to look at, and she seemed in my eyes to breathe sweetness and distinction.

The day was so agreeable, being calm and sunshiny, with a tranquil sea, and yet with a healthful piquancy and vigor in the air, that, contrary to custom, she was tempted forth a second time to walk. On this occasion she was accompanied by Northmour; and they had been but a short while on the beach, when I saw him take forcible possession of her hand. She struggled, and uttered a cry that was almost a scream. I sprang to my feet, unmindful of my strange position; but, ere I had taken a step, I saw Northmour bare-headed and bowing very low, as if to apologize; and dropped again at once into my ambush. A few words were interchanged; and then, with another bow, he left the beach to return to the pavilion. He paused not far from me, and I could see him, flushed and lowering, and cutting savagely with his cane among the grass. It was not without satisfaction that I recognized my own handiwork in a great cut under his right eye, and a considerable discoloration round the socket.

For some time your mother remained where he had left her, looking out past the islet and over the bright sea. Then with

a start, as one who throws off preoccupation and puts energy again upon its mettle, she broke into a rapid and decisive walk. She also was much incensed by what had passed. She had forgotten where she was. And I beheld her walk straight into the borders of the quicksand where it is most abrupt and dangerous. Two or three steps further and her life would have been in serious jeopardy, when I slid down the face of the sand-hill, which is there precipitous, and, running half-way forward, called to her to stop.

She did so, and turned round. There was not a tremor of fear in her behavior, and she marched directly up to me like a queen. I was barefoot, and clad like a common sailor, save for an Egyptian scarf round my waist; and she probably took me at first for some one from the fisher village, straying after bait. As for her, when I thus saw her face to face, her eyes set steadily and imperiously upon mine, I was filled with admiration and astonishment, and thought her even more beautiful than I had looked to find her. Nor could I think enough of one who, acting with so much boldness, yet preserved a maidenly air that was both quaint and engaging; for your mother kept an old-fashioned precision of manner through all her admirable life — an excellent thing in woman, since it sets another value on her sweet familiarities. Little did I dream, as I stood before her on the beach, that this should be the mother of my children.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"You were walking," I told her, "directly into Graden Floe."

"You do not belong to these parts," she said again. "You speak like an educated man."

"I believe I have right to that name," said I, "although in this disguise."

But her woman's eye had already detected the sash.

"Oh!" she said; "your sash betrays you."

"You have said the word *betray*," I resumed. "May I ask you not to betray me? I was obliged to disclose myself in your interest; but if Northmour learned my presence it might be worse than disagreeable for me."

"Do you know," she asked, "to whom you are speaking?"

"Not, I trust, to Mr. Northmour's wife?" was my reply.

She shook her head. All this while she was studying my face with an embarrassing intentness. Then she broke out —

"You have an honest face. Be honest like your face, sir, and tell me what you want and what you are afraid of. Do you think I could hurt you? I believe you have far more power to injure me! And yet you do not look unkind. What do you mean — you, a gentleman — by skulking like a spy about this desolate place? Tell me," she said, "who is it you hate?"

"I hate no one," I answered; "and I fear no one face to face. My name is Cassilis — Frank Cassilis. I lead the life of a vagabond for my own good pleasure. I am one of Northmour's oldest friends; and three nights ago, when I addressed him on these links, he stabbed me in the shoulder with a knife."

"It was you!" she said between her teeth.

"Why he did so," I continued, disregarding the interruption, "is more than I can guess, and more than I care to know. I have not many friends, nor am I very susceptible to friendship; but no man shall drive me from a place by terror. I had camped in Graden Sea Wood ere he came; I camp in it still. If you think I mean harm to you or yours, madam, the remedy is in your hand. Tell him that my camp is in the Hemlock Den, and to-night he can stab me in safety while I sleep."

With this I doffed my cap to her, and scrambled up once more among the sand-hills. I do not know why, but I felt a prodigious sense of injustice, and felt like a hero and a martyr; while, as a matter of fact, I had not a word to say in my defence, nor so much as one plausible reason to offer for my conduct. I had stayed at Graden out of a curiosity natural enough, but undignified; and though there was another motive growing in along with the first, it was not one which I could properly have explained, at that period, to the mother of my children.

Certainly, that night, I thought of no one else; and, though her whole conduct and position seemed suspicious, I could not find it in my heart to entertain a doubt of your mother. I could have staked my life that she was clear of blame, and, though all was dark at the present, that the explanation of the mystery would show her part in these events to be both right and needful. It was true, let me cudgel my imagination as I pleased, that I could invent no theory of her relations to Northmour; but I felt none the less sure of my conclusion because it was founded on instinct in place of reason, and, as I may say, went to sleep that

night with the thought of her under my pillow.

Next day she came out about the same hour alone, and, as soon as the sand-hills concealed her from the pavilion, drew nearer to the edge, and called me by name in guarded tones. I was astonished to observe that she was deadly pale, and seemingly under the influence of strong emotion.

"Mr. Cassilis!" she cried; "Mr. Cassilis!"

I appeared at once, and leaped down upon the beach. A remarkable air of relief overspread her countenance as soon as she saw me.

"Oh!" she cried, with a hoarse sound, like one whose bosom has been lightened of a weight. And then, "Thank God you are still safe!" she added; "I knew, if you were, you would be here." (Was not this strange, my children? So swiftly and wisely does nature prepare our hearts for these great life-long intimacies, that both your mother and I had been given a presentiment on this the second day of our acquaintance. I had even then hoped that she would seek me; she had felt sure that she would find me.) "Do not," she went on swiftly, "do not stay in this place. Promise me that you will sleep no longer in that wood. You do not know how I suffer; all last night I could not sleep for thinking of your peril."

"Peril?" I repeated. "Peril from whom? From Northmour?"

"Not so," she said. "Did you think I would tell him after what you said?"

"Not from Northmour?" I repeated. "Then how? From whom? I see none to be afraid of."

"You must not ask me," was her reply, "for I am not free to tell you. Only believe me, and go hence — believe me, and go away quickly, quickly, for your life!"

An appeal to his alarm is never a good plan to rid one's self of a spirited young man. My obstinacy was but increased by what she said, and I made it a point of honor to remain. And her solicitude for my safety still more confirmed me in the resolve.

"You must not think me inquisitive, madam," I replied; "but, if Graden is so dangerous a place, you yourself perhaps remain here at some risk."

She only looked at me reproachfully.

"You and your father —" I resumed; but she interrupted me almost with a gasp.

"My father! How do you know that?" she cried.

"I saw you together when you landed," was my answer; and I do not know why, but it seemed satisfactory to both of us, as indeed it was the truth. "But," I continued, "you need have no fear from me. I see you have some reason to be secret, and, you may believe me, your secret is as safe with me as if I were in Graden Floe. I have scarce spoken to any one for years; my horse is my only companion, and even he, poor beast, is not beside me. You see, then, you may count on me for silence. So tell me the truth, my dear young lady, are you not in danger?"

"Mr. Northmour says you are an honorable man," she returned, "and I believe it when I see you. I will tell you so much; you are right; we are in dreadful, dreadful danger, and you share it by remaining where you are."

"Ah!" said I; "you have heard of me from Northmour? And he gives me a good character?"

"I asked him about you last night," was her reply. "I pretended," she hesitated, "I pretended to have met you long ago, and spoken to you of him. It was not true; but I could not help myself without betraying you, and you had put me in a difficulty. He praised you highly."

"And—you may permit me one question—does this danger come from Northmour?" I asked.

"From Mr. Northmour?" she cried. "Oh, no; he stays with us to share it."

"While you propose that I should run away?" I said. "You do not rate me very high."

"Why should you stay?" she asked. "You are no friend of ours."

I know not what came over me, my children, for I had not been conscious of a similar weakness since I was a child, but I was so mortified by this retort that my eyes pricked and filled with tears, as I continued to gaze upon your mother.

"No, no," she said in a changed voice; "I did not mean the words unkindly."

"It was I who offended," I said; and I held out my hand with a look of appeal that somehow touched her, for she gave me hers at once, and even eagerly. I held it for a while in mine, and gazed into her eyes. It was she who first tore her hand away, and, forgetting all about her request and the promise she had sought to extort, ran at the top of her speed, and without turning, till she was out of sight. Then, O my children, I knew that I loved your mother, and thought in

my glad heart that she—she herself—was not indifferent to my suit. Many a time she has denied it in after days, but it was with a smiling and not a serious denial. For my part, I am sure our hands would not have lain so closely in each other if she had not begun to melt to me already. And, when all is said, it is no great contention, since, by her own avowal, she began to love me on the morrow.

And yet on the morrow very little took place. She came and called me down as on the day before, upbraided me for lingering at Graden, and, when she found I was still obdurate, began to ask me more particularly as to my arrival. I told her by what series of accidents I had come to witness their disembarkation, and how I had determined to remain, partly from the interest which had been awakened in me by Northmour's guests, and partly because of his own murderous attack. As to the former, I fear I was disingenuous, and led her to regard herself as having been an attraction to me from the first moment that I saw her on the links. It relieves my heart to make this confession even now, when your mother is with God, and already knows all things, and the honesty of my purpose even in this; for while she lived, although it often pricked my conscience, I had never the hardihood to deceive her. Even a little secret, in such a married life as ours, is like the rose-leaf which kept the princess from her sleep.

From this the talk branched into other subjects, and I told her much about my lonely and wandering existence; she, for her part, giving ear, and saying little. Although we spoke very naturally, and latterly on topics that might seem indifferent, we were both sweetly agitated. Too soon it was time for her to go; and we separated, as if by mutual consent, without shaking hands, for both knew that, between us, it was no idle ceremony.

The next, and that was the fourth day of our acquaintance, we met in the same spot, but early in the morning, with much familiarity and yet much timidity on either side. When she had once more spoken about my danger—and that, I understood, was her excuse for coming—I, who had prepared a great deal of talk during the night, began to tell her how highly I valued her kind interest, and how no one had ever cared to hear about my life nor had I ever cared to relate it, before yesterday. Suddenly she interrupted me, saying with vehemence—

"And yet, if you knew who I was, you would not so much as speak to me!"

I told her such a thought was madness, and, little as we had met, I counted her already a dear friend; but my protestations seemed only to make her more desperate.

"My father is in hiding!" she cried.

"My dear," I said, forgetting for the first time to add "young lady," "what do I care? If he were in hiding twenty times over, would it make one thought of change in you?"

"Ah, but the cause!" she cried, "the cause! It is—" she faltered for a second—"it is disgraceful to us!"

CHAPTER IV.

TELLS IN WHAT A STARTLING MANNER I LEARNED I WAS NOT ALONE IN GRADEN SEA-WOOD.

THIS, my dear children, was your mother's story, as I drew it from her among tears and sobs. Her name was Clara Huddleston: it sounded very beautiful in my ears; but not so beautiful as that other name of Clara Cassilis, which she wore during the longer and, I thank God, the happier portion of her life. Her father, Bernard Huddleston, had been a private banker in a very large way of business. Many years before, his affairs becoming disordered, he had been led to try dangerous, and at last criminal, expedients to retrieve himself from ruin. All was in vain; he became more and more cruelly involved, and found his honor lost at the same moment with his fortune. About this period, Northmour had been courting your mother with great assiduity, though with small encouragement; and to him, knowing him thus disposed in his favor, Bernard Huddleston turned for help in his extremity. It was not merely ruin and dishonor, nor merely a legal condemnation that the unhappy man had brought upon his head. It seems he could have gone to prison with a light heart. What he feared, what kept him awake at night or recalled him from slumber into frenzy, was some secret, sudden, and unlawful attempt upon his life. Hence, he desired to bury his existence and escape to one of the islands in the South Pacific, and it was in Northmour's yacht, the "Red Earl," that he designed to go. The yacht picked them up clandestinely upon the coast of Wales, and had once more deposited them at Graden, till she could be refitted and provisioned for the longer voyage. Nor

could your mother doubt that her hand had been stipulated as the price of passage. For, although Northmour was neither unkind nor even discourteous, he had shown himself in several instances somewhat overbold in speech and manner.

I listened, I need not say, with fixed attention, and put many questions as to the more mysterious part. It was in vain. Your mother had no clear idea of what the blow was, nor of how it was expected to fall. Her father's alarm was unfeigned and physically prostrating, and he had thought more than once of making an unconditional surrender to the police. But the scheme was finally abandoned, for he was convinced that not even the strength of our English prisons could shelter him from his pursuers. He had had many affairs with Italy, and with Italians resident in London, in the later years of his business; and these last, your mother fancied, were somehow connected with the doom that threatened him. He had shown great terror at the presence of an Italian seaman on board the "Red Earl," and had bitterly and repeatedly accused Northmour in consequence. The latter had protested that Beppo (that was the seaman's name) was a capital fellow, and could be trusted to the death; but Mr. Huddleston had continued ever since to declare that all was lost, that it was only a question of days, and that Beppo would be the ruin of him yet.

I regarded the whole story as the hallucination of a mind shaken by calamity. He had suffered heavy loss by his Italian transactions; and hence the sight of an Italian was hateful to him, and the principal part in his nightmares would naturally enough be played by one of that nation.

"What your father wants," I said, "is a good doctor and some calming medicine."

"But Mr. Northmour?" objected your mother. "He is untroubled by losses, and yet he shares in this terror."

I could not help laughing at what I considered her simplicity.

"My dear," said I, "you have told me yourself what reward he has to look for. All is fair in love, you must remember; and if Northmour fomented your father's terrors, it is not at all because he is afraid of any Italian man, but simply because he is infatuated with a charming English woman."

She reminded me of his attack upon myself on the night of the disembarka-

tion, and this I was unable to explain. In short, and from one thing to another, it was agreed between us, that I should set out at once for the fisher village, Graden Wester, as it was called, look up all the newspapers I could find, and see for myself if there seemed any basis of fact for these continued alarms. The next morning, at the same hour and place, I was to make my report to your mother. She said no more on that occasion about my departure; nor, indeed, did she make it a secret that she clung to the thought of my proximity as something helpful and pleasant; and, for my part, I could not have left her, if she had gone upon her knees to ask it.

I reached Graden Wester before ten in the forenoon; for in those days I was an excellent pedestrian, and the distance, as I think I have said, was little over seven miles; fine walking all the way upon the springy turf. The village is one of the bleakest on that coast, which is saying much: there is a church in a hollow; a miserable haven in the rocks, where many boats have been lost as they returned from fishing; two or three score of store-houses, arranged along the beach and in two streets, one leading from the harbor, and another striking out from it at right angles; and, at the corner of these two, a very dark and cheerless tavern, by way of principal hotel.

I had dressed myself somewhat more suitably to my station in life, and at once called upon the minister in his little manse beside the graveyard. He knew me, although it was more than nine years since we had met; and when I told him that I had been long upon a walking tour, and was behind with the news, readily lent me an armful of newspapers, dating from a month back to the day before. With these I sought the tavern, and, ordering some breakfast, sat down to study the "Huddlestone Failure."

It had been, it appeared, a very flagrant case. Thousands of persons were reduced to poverty; and one in particular had blown out his brains as soon as payment was suspended. It was strange to myself that, while I read these details, I continued rather to sympathize with Mr. Huddlestone than with his victims; so complete already was the empire of my love for your mother. A price was naturally set upon the banker's head; and as the case was inexcusable and the public indignation thoroughly aroused, the unusual figure of 750*l.* was offered for his capture. He was reported to have large

sums of money in his possession. One day, he had been heard of in Spain; the next, there was sure intelligence that he was still lurking between Manchester and Liverpool, or along the border of Wales; and the day after, a telegram would announce his arrival in Cuba or Yucatan. But in all this there was no word of an Italian, nor any sign of mystery.

In the very last paper, however, there was one item not so clear. The accountants who were charged to verify the failure had, it seemed, come upon the traces of a very large number of thousands, which figured for some time in the transactions of the house of Huddlestone; but which came from nowhere, and disappeared in the same mysterious fashion. It was only once referred to by name, and then under the initials "X. X.;" but it had plainly been floated for the first time into the business at a period of great depression some six years ago. The name of a distinguished royal personage had been mentioned by rumor in connection with this sum. "The cowardly desperado"—such, I remember, was the editorial expression—was supposed to have escaped with a large part of this mysterious fund still in his possession.

I was still brooding over the fact, and trying to torture it into some connection with Mr. Huddlestone's danger, when a man entered the tavern and asked for some bread and cheese with a decided foreign accent.

"*Siete Italiano?*" said I.

"*Sì signor,*" was his reply.

I said it was unusually far north to find one of his compatriots; at which he shrugged his shoulders, and replied that a man would go anywhere to find work. What work he could hope to find at Graden Wester, I was totally unable to conceive; and the incident struck so unpleasantly upon my mind, that I asked the landlord, while he was counting me some change, whether he had ever before seen an Italian in the village. He said he had once seen some Norwegians, who had been shipwrecked on the other side of Graden Ness and rescued by the life-boat from Cauld-haven.

"No!" said I; "but an Italian, like the man who has just had bread and cheese."

"What?" cried he, "yon black-avised fellow wi' the teeth? Was he an I-talian? Weel, yon's the first that ever I saw, an' I dare say he's like to be the last."

Even as he was speaking, I raised my eyes, and, casting a glance into the street, beheld three men in earnest conversation

together, and not thirty yards away. One of them was my recent companion in the tavern parlor; the other two, by their handsome, sallow features and soft hats, should evidently belong to the same race. A crowd of village children stood around them, gesticulating and talking gibberish in imitation. The two looked singularly foreign to the bleak dirty street in which they were standing, and the dark gray heaven that overspread them; and I confess my incredulity received at that moment a shock from which it never recovered. I might reason with myself as I pleased, but I could not argue down the effect of what I had seen, and I began to share in the Italian terror.

It was already drawing towards the close of the day before I had returned the newspapers at the manse, and got well forward on to the links on my way home. I shall never forget that walk. It grew very cold and boisterous; the wind sang in the short grass about my feet; thin rain showers came running on the gusts; and an immense mountain range of clouds began to arise out of the bosom of the sea. It would be hard to imagine a more dismal evening; and whether it was from these external influences, or because my nerves were already affected by what I had heard and seen, my thoughts were as gloomy as the weather.

The upper windows of the pavilion commanded a considerable spread of links in the direction of Graden Easter. To avoid observation, it was necessary to hug the beach until I had gained cover from the higher sand-hills on the little headland, when I might strike across, through the hollows, from the margin of the wood. The sun was about setting; the tide was low, and all the quicksands uncovered; and I was moving along, lost in unpleasant thought, when I was suddenly thunderstruck to perceive the prints of human feet. They ran parallel to my own course, but low down upon the beach instead of along the border of the turf; and, when I examined them, I saw at once, by the size and coarseness of the impression, that it was a stranger to me and to those in the pavilion who had recently passed that way. Not only so; but from the recklessness of the course which he had followed, steering near to the most formidable portions of the sand, he was as evidently a stranger to the country and to the ill-repute of Graden beach.

Step by step, I followed the prints; until, a quarter of a mile further, I beheld

them die away into the south-eastern boundary of Graden Floe. There, whoever he was, the miserable man had perished. The sun had broken through the clouds by a last effort, and colored the wide level of quicksands with a dusky purple; one or two gulls, who had, perhaps, seen him disappear, wheeled over his sepulchre with their usual melancholy piping. I stood for some time gazing at the spot, chilled and disheartened by my own reflections, and with a strong and commanding consciousness of death. I remember wondering how long the tragedy had taken, and whether his screams had been audible at the pavilion. And then, making a strong resolution, I was about to tear myself away, when a gust fiercer than usual fell upon this quarter of the beach, and I saw, now whirling high in air, now skimming lightly across the surface of the sands, a soft, black, felt hat, somewhat conical in shape, such as I had remarked already on the heads of the Italians.

I believe, but I am not sure, that I uttered a cry. The wind was driving the hat shoreward, and I ran round the border of the floe to be ready against its arrival. The gust fell, dropping the hat for a while upon the quicksand, and then, once more freshening, landed it a few yards from where I stood. I took possession with the interest you may imagine. It had seen some service; indeed, it was rustier than either of those I had seen that day upon the street. The lining was red, stamped with the name of the maker, which I have forgotten, and that of the place of manufacture, *Venedig*. This, my dear children, was the name given by the Austrians to the beautiful city of Venice, then, and for long after, a part of their dominions.

The shock was complete. I saw imaginary Italians upon every side; and for the first, and, I may say, for the last time in my experience, became overpowered by what is called a panic terror. I knew nothing, that is, to be afraid of, and yet I admit that I was heartily afraid; and it was with a sensible reluctance that I returned to my exposed and solitary camp in the Sea-Wood.

There I ate some cold porridge which had been left over from the night before, for I was disinclined to make a fire; and, feeling strengthened and reassured, dismissed all these fanciful terrors from my mind, and lay down to sleep with composure.

How long I may have slept it is impos-

sible for me to guess; but I was awakened at last by a sudden, blinding flash of light into my face. It woke me like a blow. In an instant I was upon my knees. But the light had gone as suddenly as it came. The darkness was intense. And, as it was blowing great guns from the sea and pouring with rain, the noises of the storm effectually concealed all others.

It was, I dare say, half a minute before I regained my self-possession. But for two circumstances, I should have thought I had been awakened by some new and vivid form of nightmare. First, the flap of my tent, which I had shut carefully when I retired, was now unfastened; and, second, I could still perceive, with a sharpness that excluded any theory of hallucination, the smell of hot metal and of burning oil. The conclusion was obvious. I had been awakened by some one flashing a bull's-eye lantern in my face. It had been but a flash, and away. He had seen my face, and then gone. I asked myself the object of so strange a proceeding, and the answer came pat. The man, whoever he was, had thought to recognize me, and he had not. There was yet another question unresolved; and to this, I may say, I feared to give an answer; if he had recognized me, what would he have done?

My fears were immediately diverted from myself, for I saw that I had been visited in a mistake; and I became persuaded that some dreadful danger threatened the pavilion. It required some nerve to issue forth into the black and intricate thicket which surrounded and overhung the den; but I groped my way to the links, drenched with rain, beaten upon and deafened by the gusts, and fearing at every step to lay my hand upon some lurking adversary. The darkness was so complete that I might have been surrounded by an army and yet none the wiser, and the uproar of the gale so loud that my hearing was as useless as my sight.

For the rest of that night, which seemed interminably long, I patrolled the vicinity of the pavilion, without seeing a living creature or hearing any noise but the concert of the wind, the sea, and the rain. A light in the upper story filtered through a cranny of the shutter, and kept me company till the approach of dawn.

R. L. S.

From The Saturday Review.

ALDINES AND ELZEVIRS.

ONE of the earliest symptoms of bibliomania is a passion for Aldines and Elzevirs. The young patient generally labors under the delusion that all books from the great Venice and Leyden presses are of equal value. Novels encourage this delusion; they always represent learned professors as "rich in Aldines and Elzevirs;" and we recently read a romance in which one of the characters possessed an Elzevir Theocritus. This treasure would indeed have been of great price, the black tulip or blue rose of bibliography, for an Elzevir Theocritus is unknown to Brunet, to Pieters, and to M. Willems, the last writer on the great Dutch publishers. Misled by novels, then, and by vague tradition, the bibliophile, in the first stages of the complaint, haunts bookstalls, and thinks himself wonderfully fortunate. Elzevirs more or less grubby, and with pages more or less cut to the quick, are to be found in hundreds, and at very moderate prices. The beginner buys and buys, thinks himself a perfect "snuffy Davy" for luck, and never guesses that he is accumulating trash, and laying in stores of lively book-worms which will devour his treasures. He knows nothing, as yet, of right editions. An Elzevir Cæsar is an Elzevir Cæsar to him. Now the genuine Cæsar of 1635, is, in M. Willems's opinion, the gem of all the duodecimo collections. By the way, even the neophyte is generally knowing enough to collect none but duodecimo Elzevirs, though the larger *formats*, like the Tacitus with *variorum* notes, the Apollonius Rhodius, and dozens more, are quite as beautiful as, and infinitely more legible than the "small, rare volumes dark with tarnished gold." To return to the Cæsar of 1635. With the Pliny of the same date, the Virgil of 1636 (of which Charles Nodier could never procure a satisfactory copy), and the undated "Imitation," the Cæsar is the pride of the Elzevir collections. The type, the ornaments, the exquisite printing, the paper, and even the correctness of the text, leave nothing to be desired. But there are two other editions, also dated 1635, in which pages 149, 335, and 475 are correctly printed, whereas in the true edition they are marked 153, 345, and 375. These two editions are worth little, especially the second of them, while the right Cæsar, with the wrong pages, costs some twenty pounds at auctions. This is only one example of the niceties of the taste

for Elzevirs. There can scarcely be a prettier little book than "the pocket edition of Rabelais" of 1675. This edition is a reimpression, line for line, of that of 1663, yet it has scarcely any value, while the earlier book costs sums quite out of the reach of the modest beginner. Every one of these editions seems incorrect to modern scholarship; but the first was eagerly welcomed by Guy Patin when it was new, and cost "four livres, ten sous." The fact is that the value of Elzevirs depends partly on fashions (some worthless books bring hundreds of pounds), partly on condition, breadth of margin, and the presence or absence of certain marks which can only be learned at some expense of time, money, and research. Of forged or false Elzevirs more than one hundred and fifty are known to experts. Thus the beginner is likely to be puffed up with pride when he has secured "*Les Mémoires de Philippe de Commines, A Leyde, chez les Elseviers, 1649*;" especially if his prize prove a little taller and wider than the other copies with which he compares it. Examples, as the manuals will tell him, are very dear. M. de Montesson's copy cost about 50*l.*, and 20*l.* is a not uncommon price. Alas! the right edition is of 1648; and that of 1649, in spite of the title-page and the figure of the old hermit, is a forgery, printed on larger paper, and probably published at Rouen. Let the Scotch Presbyterian also beware of spurious imitations. Who that has learned the "Shorter Catechism" in his youth, who that has blundered over "justification, sanctification, and adoption" would not willingly possess an Elzevir edition of his old enemy? Such a book seems to exist, "The Confession of Faith, and the Larger and Shorter Catechisme, etc., Amsterdam, printed by Luice Elsever, 1649." Unluckily, the book, which was exhibited at South Kensington in 1877 with the Caxton collection, is a forgery. The late Mr. Laing sent a facsimile of the title-page to M. Willems, who at once saw that the types were English in character, and utterly unlike anything ever used by the Elzevirs. Again, there is not in the book a single *fleur-de-lis* or other ornament, such as the Elzevirs always used, and, lastly, the "Shorter Catechism" is not mentioned in any of the Elzevirs' own catalogues of their publications. The object of the forgery remains a mystery. To close this chapter of forgeries, it may be mentioned that false Elzevirs bear dates as late as 1770, while the last of the great and ac-

complished printers of the family died in 1680, and the last who professed a humbler sort of art, in 1712.

The hunter after Aldines is likely to fall into the same snares as the inexperienced lover of Elzevirs. Only certain editions are of value, and the worth of these depends greatly on their condition and even on their binding. There is a tendency, a natural tendency as we think, to prefer the books published by the great founder of the Aldine house between 1494 and 1514. Aldines do not retain their high place in the estimation of collectors so firmly as the books of the Elzevirs. The latter published early and beautiful editions of the contemporary French classics, while the Aldines chiefly printed Latin and Greek books, and works of erudition. Neither classics nor the superseded philology of the sixteenth century are now so much valued as they once were. The classics are, we say it with pain, almost a drug in the market. New frivolities have usurped their place. People look for original editions of French and English poets, or for early woodcuts, or for the oddities of Restif de la Brétoune, or for the vignettes of Cochin, and Eisen, and the other French "little masters." The Greek and Latin classics are almost as much neglected as works of heresy, like those of Bruno and Vanini, and the little tome on the "pre-Adamites," which the Elzevirs published in an incautious moment. We can "see" these heresies now, as the Americans say, and "go a thousand dollars more," in the same direction. New editions of the classics, too, have made all but the masterpieces of Aldus, Musurus of Crete, Zacharias Calliergus, and other great scholars, seem superfluous. And in the search for Aldines, as of Elzevirs, the bibliophile must beware of the piratical counterfeits printed at Lyons. Aldus himself complained bitterly of the Lyons pirates. "The paper of these books is second-rate, and even smells badly." We can testify, from a Lyons counterfeit of the Aldine Catullus of 1502, which lies before us, that the paper is second-rate. The evil odor, however, has disappeared in the course of nearly four hundred years. Another way of detecting forgeries is to note whether the consonants are attached to the vowels, as in writing, or whether they stand apart. In the former case the book is probably a genuine Aldine, in the latter it is a Lyons forgery. There are various other distinguishing marks; but we have probably said enough to teach the young biblio-

phile that all old books printed in italics are not Aldines, and even that many apparently authentic Aldines are forgeries almost worthless.

To take an intelligent interest in the productions of the two famous houses, the Venetian and the Dutch, one ought to have some notion of the characters and purgoses of Aldus, and of the Elzevirs. A catalogue of a private collection, just published by Mr. Toovey, may serve as a text for a few remarks on the Manutii. The collection "owes its existence to a well-known distinguished collector, who, true to the motto of the family, for half a century lost no opportunity of selecting under the most favorable circumstances the choicest copies of the several works as they appeared at the dispersion of the libraries formed by Renouard, Sir Mark Sykes, Heber," and many others. We do not know what family rejoices in the admirable motto which bids its scions lose no opportunity of collecting Aldines. But the amateur whose catalogue is in our hands had books in the original bindings of Aldus, De Thou, D'Hoyrn, and the other great old fanciers. It is scarcely necessary to say that a binding of De Thou's, or D'Hoyrn's, or Grolier's (none of whom, we must once more say, to correct a popular error, were bookbinders), adds indefinitely to the market price of a volume. Opening Mr. Toovey's catalogue at random, we light on the "*Anthologia Græca*" of 1503. Aldus followed here the text of Alopa's Florentine edition of 1494, but added some epigrams previously unpublished. M. Firmin Didot possessed an autograph letter in which Scipio Carteromachos congratulated Aldus on this casket of jewels, "containing the flower and choice of the most gracious poesy." A more interesting item is the Aristophanes of 1498, containing but nine plays, all that then had been discovered. Aldus dedicated his book with enthusiasm to Daniel Clary, then Greek professor "in opulent Ragusa." In every line of Aldus's letter there burns that noble love of classic literature which was the sole motive of his unwearying industry. Musurus of Crete adds a letter in which he bids "Philhellenes" pay Aldus due honor. Aldus, indeed, combined the rare characters of an enthusiastic grammarian and a disinterested publisher. His editions, even now, are reckoned with manuscripts among the critical apparatus of scholars.

The Elzevirs were neither nobly born (as were the Manutii if they were de-

scended from the Mannucci of Florence) nor of a noble temper. The family seems to have had no connection with Spain, as has sometimes been asserted. Louis Elzevir, the founder of the family, was a bookbinder by trade. About the end of 1580 he settled in Leyden, and obtained leave to build a shop in the grounds of the university. His central position gave him great advantages; he started as a bookseller, and published his first volume in 1583. By an interesting coincidence the latest Aldine in Mr. Toovey's catalogue is dated 1583, and thus the Elzevir obscurely arose just when the house of Aldus was declining. The Elzevirs made their great stroke for fame and fortune, when they began to publish cheap and neat editions of the classics in duodecimo. Large *formats*, the quarto and folio, went out of fashion. The Elzevirs had anticipated the cheap and handy volumes which M. Charpentier introduced to France, and from which Mr. Matthew Arnold hopes for the regeneration of British literature and the end of trouble about copyright. The duodecimos first came out in 1629, and were welcomed by the learned. But many shortsighted students, with whom most modern readers will sympathize, condemned the minute type, which demands a weary service from the eyes. Perhaps the Elzevir types were the beginning of German shortsightedness. De Put wrote to Heinsius, that the printers "cared for nothing but money," and the father of Madame Dacier was of much the same opinion. Posterity has judged the Elzevirs more leniently. But it is unhappily beyond doubt that Bonaventure and Abraham Elzevir were even more mean and cunning than the booksellers whom Drayton spurned with poetic contempt. They were as "crafty" as Scott's Constable. Heinsius, too, the scholar who supplied what Aldus had and the Elzevirs lacked, acquaintance with letters, was an ungenerous and malicious man. Thus the Dutch printers have none of the charms which his untiring enthusiasm lends to the memory of Aldus Manutius. They printed, pilfered, pirated, though certain of their victims took the piracy for a compliment:—

Ecquidnam video? O Dei Deaque
Nostros scilicet Elzevirianis
Excusos video typis libellos.
O typos nitidos et elegantes!

So sung Ménage when Daniel Elzevir printed his poems. The French volumes

of the Elzevir were as convenient as the Tauchnitz editions of English novels. The chief printer of these pretty books was Daniel, at Leyden from 1652 to 1655, at Amsterdam from 1655 to 1680. His character in part redeemed that of the crafty Abraham and the dodgy Bonaventure. On his death the better part of the business ended; but an Abraham, great-great-grandson of the founder of the house, lived and printed horribly at Leyden till 1712. His principal business was the publishing of college *theses*, and even these he turned out most execrably. The Elzevir types long survived the last printers of the family, but were destroyed by a publisher who was infatuated about the work of a German founder. *Sic transit gloria.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

A BATHER'S IDEAL.

OF the four elements each can in her own way be gracious in turn and terrible to man. Each has her own gifts and her own manner of giving. Earth gives us harvest and vintage; fire warms our hearths. But these benefit us at a distance, as it were, and indirectly. Fire keeps us at arm's length under instant penalty, and earth is hard and cold to the human touch. Not so with air, for her embraces are sweet indeed; when she greets us on moorland or "on the beach'd margin of the sea," hastening from west or south to clasp us with kisses so pure and fresh that for the moment we could cheat ourselves to believe that she has been keeping them all the way for us alone. But though we know her presence, it is as the dying Hippolytus knew the presence of his queen Artemis: invisible, unarrestable, she mocks our sight; she is as an enchanted mistress whom her lover may meet only in the dark.

Most kind and lovelike of all these is the fourth sister, friendly water. Her we can both feel and see; not earth nor fire can appear to us in more glorious form; not air can come closer to our embrace, or clasp us more lovingly and well. For this is her prime title, to be called the friend of man; she gives him indeed good help in turning his mill-wheels, in watering his pastures and his flocks, but in these offices a material, a commercial element preponderates; they are concerned with things, not men, and often basely recompensed by sordid pollution and desecra-

tion. It is in ministering to the health and seemliness, the rest and vigor of the personal man that water finds her most gracious and honorable office. In our climate for at least half the year the service is of necessity rather than of joy, useful rather than glorious — there is no poetry, sometimes little pleasure, in the morning bath that confronts one in the winter twilight. But as air grows kindlier with the revolving hours, so does her visible sister; and at last beneath some upward-opening sky of spring or early summer the genius of bathing finds one unaware by some steep brink, with the fair water flowing persuasively beneath, the old-new charm returns, and the glad act is accomplished.

Many are the forms of bathing, and each has a charm of its own. There is a wild joy in battling with the sea waves, and a luxurious calm in lying motionless and supine on the dense salt water in a windless cove. Pleasant also is the mild persistent force of a broad river, of Thames or Isis, against which one leans confidently, swimming with a grateful sense of resistance not too easily overcome, and whose banks perhaps one finds thronged by the shapely forms of athletic youth, or echoing the laughter of eager boys. Pleasant again is the broad mountain lake, inviting longer swims from shore to shore, while in silent progress through the water one may watch the clouds drift and wreath themselves among the solemn, many-folded hills.

But the sea-brine is clammy to the skin, the plain-fed river is seldom absolutely pure, even the limpid lake we sometimes feel too stagnant for the full renewal of our force. Better than all these is a clear, deep mountain stream — not a turbid glacier torrent, though these can be grateful indeed to a tired climber, but a stream such as Scotland and the English lake country and Wales give lavishly, pellucid as the very air, or, if tinged at all, then with a clear amber that breaks in the sunlight with a radiance of liquid gold. To know the full glory and mystery of his delight, let the bather follow upward such a stream through a summer afternoon, from where it flows in obvious comeliness and charity on the plain, making some broad meadow fresh and green, and lending itself to the thirsty flock — upward toward its cradle on the moor. As he climbs the hill by its side, its voice begins to call to him, but it hides itself shyly from his sight. Rock and wood overshadow and some-

times almost bury it, it takes sudden turns, it spreads in a film of spray over a wide, steep ledge, or splits itself between tiny islands, or gurgles low among mosses and bracken, and maidenhair and parsley-fern. Often does some deep pool tempt the seeker to stay and be content; but he presses onward and upward, still searching for the absolute good. At last he finds his reward. As he turns a corner he hears the noise of a waterfall: he looks up and sees, some thirty yards before him, the water pouring over a ledge twice or three times his own stature in height. Between him and that falling foam lies his paradise. Amid steep walls of gray rock runs the emerald water; it runs swiftly on one side, with the "beaded bubbles" springing joyously to the surface, children of the air that are bathers themselves, and plunge by hundreds into the rapturous foam; on the other side it eddies gently round in dimpled coils, stealing back once more to the delicious hurrying flow. The red berries of the mountain-ash droop toward the stream and are reflected there, and red-leaved oak bushes such as hung about the Bandusian spring are mingled with the silvery glimmer of the birch, the lady of trees. Grasses and ferns shoot in tufts from the crevices of the rock, and the floating spray is faintly scented with their fragrance. But the bather's first mood is too eager to note in detail all the charms that make up the perfection of the place that he feels intoxicate him. He chooses some broad ledge, low or high as he will above the water, and throws aside the clothes that have encumbered him in his hot upward journey. As he stands up free, his bare feet on the smooth warm stone, he feels such half-scornful pity for his clothed fellow men whom he has left behind, as the naked Greek in the palaestra felt for the barbarian of the East to whose grossness such simplicity seemed a shame. One moment he gazes into the clear depths: through fifteen feet of water he could count every stone of the gravel that lies undisturbed below; the sparkling bubbles seem to shoot up laughingly to greet him; then his hands rise and clasp each other above his head, he stoops, he takes the plunge, his clenched hands, his head, his body, his straightened knees meet and cleave the embracing water; then, after one moment of intense, almost unconscious joy, he rises amid millions of new-born bubbles, and strikes out blithely against the torrent, breasting the foam

close under the beating fall. Let him come again after long rains have swollen the streams, and he shall find a still more intoxicating rapture, when the current is beyond his strength to stem, and he can only hurl himself into the foam below the fall, to be swept down the whole length of the deep water in glad abandonment, until he can catch some rising rounded boulder, and check his rush before he be dashed among the stony shallows. But this is a day for more various pleasures; the stream, with all its vitality, is not too impetuous to dally with him by the way; it seems to have wished for him, as he for it; for his fancy tells him that in his person for this happy hour man is reconciled and made one with nature.

Other plunges, now higher, now lower, will he take through the slow-waning afternoon, and between them, as he lies on the shelving rock with cooled and dripping limbs, he will drink in the beauty of the place, and think over the fair waters of like sort which glimmer and murmur eternally through song and story — of the gentle Phæacian river that heard the prayer of Odysseus as he swam in from his three days' battle with the tossing waves, and washed the brine from his tired limbs; of the pool where the well-beloved Hylas sank; of woodland waters whence the Naiades would emerge, or the hapless sweet Undine. He sees the young trout play in the stream with a joy like his own, and is well content to think that his pleasure has not been born of other beings' pain. Then at last he slowly dresses and departs. A few steps, and the noise of the waterfall is dulled to a murmur; the nook of Paradise is invisible, only to be detected by accident, or by a familiar eye. But as he descends in the cool evening air amid the shadows lengthening on the slopes, he may well ask himself if he knows any pleasure so perfect and so pure, one that so combines rest and refreshment with muscular effort, sensuous enjoyment with refined imaginative delight, which so steepens his spirit in the holy enchantment of solitary nature, and at the same time brings home to him her sweet companionship with man.

ERNEST MYERS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

WHY OUR POOR ARE UGLY.

MR. DARWIN believes that the general beauty of the English upper class, and

especially of the titled aristocracy—a beauty which even a hardened radical like the present writer must frankly admit that they possess in an unusual degree—is probably due to their constant selection of the most beautiful women of all classes (peeresses, actresses, or wealthy bourgeoisie) as wives through an immense number of generations. The regular features and fine complexions of the mothers are naturally handed down by heredity to their descendants. Similarly it would seem that we must account for the high average of personal beauty amongst the ancient Greeks and the modern Italians by the high average of general taste, the strong love for the beautiful, diffused amongst all classes in both those races. The prettier women and the handsomer men would thus stand a better chance of marrying, other things equal, and of handing down their own refined type of face and figure to their children. If this be so—and evolutionists at least can hardly doubt it—then we should expect everywhere to find the general level of personal beauty highest where there was the widest diffusion of æsthetic taste. Now, our own squalid poor are noticeable, as a rule, for their absolute and repulsive ugliness, even when compared with those of other European countries. "*La laideur*," says M. Taine with truth, in his "*Notes sur l'Angleterre*," "*est plus laide que chez nous*." Gaunt, hard-faced women, low-browed, bull-dog-looking men, sickly, shapeless children people the back slums of our manufacturing towns. Their painful ugliness cannot *all* be due to their physical circumstances alone; for the lazzaroni who hang about the streets of Naples must lead lives of about equal hardship and discomfort; yet many of them, both men and women, are beautiful enough to sit as models for a Leonardo. On the other hand, every traveller speaks in high admiration of the beauty and gracefulness displayed by young and old amongst the æsthetic Polynesians; while in many like cases I note that Europeans who have once become accustomed to the local type find decidedly pretty faces extremely common in several savage races whose primitive works of art show them in other ways to possess considerable æsthetic taste. In India, where artistic feeling is universal, almost every man or woman is handsome. On the whole, it seems to me fairly proved that the average personal beauty everywhere roughly

corresponds to the average general love for beauty in the abstract.

If we compare the savage hut and its contents with the modern workman's cottage, the contrast becomes even more striking. Here our judgment is not disturbed by those wide fluctuations of fashion which make it difficult for us to appreciate the æsthetic intent of a tattooed New Zealand nose or a parti-colored Ojibway forehead. The more a man studies savage art, the more is he struck by the almost universal good taste which it displays. Every chair, stool, or bench is prettily shaped and neatly carved. Every club, paddle, or staff is covered with intricate tracery which puts to shame our European handicraft. Every calabash or gourd is richly wrought with geometrical patterns or conventionalized floral and animal designs. The most primitive pottery is graceful in form and irreproachable in its simple ornament of string-courses or bead-work. Central African bowls and drinking-cups almost rival Etruscan or Hellenic shapes. Prehistoric vases from the barrows or lake dwellings are not less lovely than the Trojan or Mycænæan models which are now teaching our modern potters a long-forgotten secret of taste. Even the stone hatchets and arrow-heads of the very earliest age show a decided striving after æsthetic effect. And when we remember that these exquisite carvings and these polished jade implements are produced with miserably inefficient tools and appliances—when we recollect the instances quoted by Sir John Lubbock where whole years are spent in the perfecting of a single art-product, in grinding smooth a jasper hatchet or polishing a crystal ear-drop—we cannot fail to wonder at the æsthetic fervor of these unsophisticated artists. There is positively no object, however insignificant, in the ordinary savage hut, on which immense pains have not been expended for purely ornamental purposes.

Look, by way of contrast, at our English laborer's cottage. A few painted deal chairs, a square, white table, an iron bedstead, half a dozen plain Delft cups and saucers, a little coarse table linen, and a pile of bedclothes—these constitute almost the whole furniture of nine out of ten English households. We must not be led away by thinking of a stray cottage or so in the country, or a few model workmen's houses in the outskirts of our towns, where gay flowers and bits of ornamental pottery add a touch of

grace to the little home. Such homes are really quite exceptional, and by far the larger number of our people seem wholly destitute of æsthetic surroundings in any shape. We must never forget that the vast majority of Englishmen live and die either in the stifling dens of our great towns or in the cheerless little stone-floored cottages of our country, whose thatched eaves look so picturesque without and whose bare walls chill the eye with their cold reception within. Why is it that civilization has done so little to raise, or rather so much to lower, their æsthetic sensibilities?

From Nature.

CELLULOID.

THE product of the action of strong nitric acid upon cellulose has of late years met with many applications in the arts.

When cotton-wool, linen, paper, or other substance largely consisting of cellulose, is immersed in strong nitric acid, a mixture of two or more nitro-celluloses is produced; a solution of this mixture in alcohol and ether has been long known as collodion.

About three or four years ago it was shown that this product may be dissolved, under pressure and at moderately high temperatures, in camphor, and that on cooling a hard, compact mass closely resembling ivory is produced. This observation furnished the starting-point in the manufacture of "celluloid," a substance which has already been put to many and varied uses, and promises to be of much importance in the future.

In the process of Tribouillet and Besaucèle—patented in January, 1879,—the raw material, consisting of paper, linen, cotton-wool, hemp, or white wood, is dried at 100°, and then nitrated in vessels of glass, clay, or glazed sheet-iron, furnished with a double bottom, between the parts of which water is constantly flowing. The nitrating acid consists of a mixture of three parts concentrated sulphuric acid (sp. gr. = 1.834) and two parts concentrated nitric acid, containing nitrous acid. The dry and finely-divided material is first treated with acid which has been already once used for nitrating; the materials are mixed for ten or fifteen minutes by the help of a kind of trowel; the mass is pressed in a glazed iron cylinder with perforated sides and bottom, through which the acid runs out. The

material is again treated with a fresh mixture of acids in the proportions already mentioned; it is then washed with water in a series of wooden vessels with perforated bottoms placed one beneath the other on an inclined plane. The last particles of acid are removed by washing with very dilute soda or ammonia, and again with water. The material is then dissolved in appropriate solvents, from which it is again recovered in a paste-like form, by distilling off the solvent.

For making artificial ivory and similar opaque substances, about one hundred parts of the prepared nitro-cellulose are intimately mixed with from forty-two to fifty parts of very finely-divided camphor, and the mixture pressed in a warm press, into which steam is conducted, and which is connected with a moist chamber wherein the fumes from the press are condensed. After being for some time in a warmer press, the material is dried in a chamber containing calcium chloride or sulphuric acid, and connected with an air-pump.

Other manufacturers appear to mix ivory-dust, nitro-cellulose, and camphor, and to press the mixture when moist, heat it with ethyl nitrite in a closed vessel until perfectly homogeneous, and distil off the nitrite.

Celluloid is a hard, perfectly homogeneous substance, which is not attacked by ordinary reagents (it dissolves slowly in cold concentrated sulphuric acid), cannot be easily broken, and becomes plastic at about 125°. It may be obtained in thin layers 0.5 millims. in thickness, which may be encrusted on wood, marble, etc. At about 140° celluloid suddenly decomposes, emitting a reddish vapor; this liability to complete decomposition may be prevented by washing the celluloid with sodium silicate solution and then immersing it in a solution of sodium or ammonium phosphate; thus treated, the material is non-inflammable.

If coloring materials be mixed with the celluloid during the manufacture, artificial coral, amber, malachite, and *lapis lazuli* may be prepared.

Celluloid is an admirable material for forming the backs of brushes, handles of knives or umbrellas, combs, playthings for children, etc.; it is also employed in America as a substitute for linen in the manufacture of collars, scarves for the neck, etc. Articles made of it may be washed with soap and a brush, and are practically indestructible.

M. M. P. M.

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